

FINIS.

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MR. Playford desires to give notice to his Musical Friends in or about LONDON, That his Dwelling-house is now at the lower end of *Arundel Street*, over against the *George*; and that there, or at his Shop near the *Temple Church*, all such as desire to be accommodated with such choice *Consorts of Musick for Violins and Viols*, as were Composed by *Dr. Colman*, *Mr. William Law*, *Mr. John Jenkins*, *Dr. Benjamin Rogers*, *Mr. Matthew Locke*, and divers others, may have them fairly and true Prick'd. Also most of the choicest Vocal Hymns and Psalms for two and three Voyces, Composed by *Mr. William and Henry Lawes*, *Mr. Locke*, *Mr. Jenkins*, *Dr. Rogers*, and other choice Masters. He has also a large Collection of the new Instrumental Musick for two Trebles and Bass.

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AYRES and SONGS

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BEING

Most of the Newest Ayres and Songs sung at COURT,
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Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



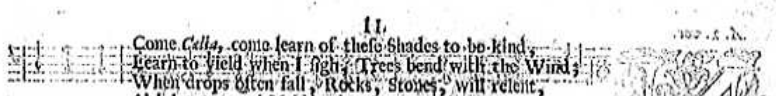
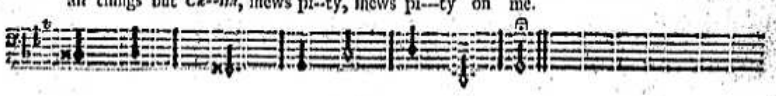
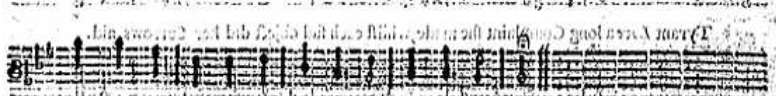
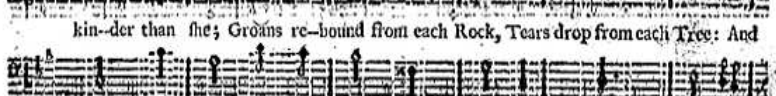
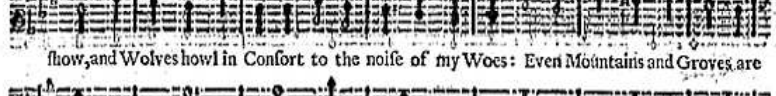
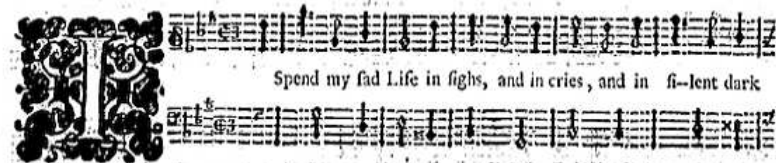
LONDON,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford Junior*, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple Church*; and *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple Gate*, 1683.

An Alphabetical Table of the Songs contain'd in this Book.

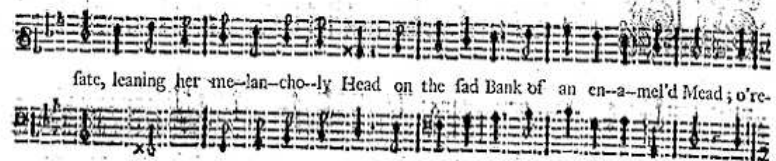
A	Folio	Ob!	Folio
<i>What means that eager Joy</i>	25	<i>do not wrong that Face</i>	22
<i>A pox on this needful's Scorn</i>	24	<i>Oh Love! how just</i>	52
<i>All other Blessings are but Toys.</i> Mr. Turner.	35	P	
<i>All joy to fair Plyche</i>	40	<i>Philida whilst our tender Age</i>	7
<i>At length in musing what to do</i>	38	<i>Philander once a merry Swain</i>	26
<i>Amintor on the River side</i>	71	<i>Phillis accept a broken Heart</i>	27
<i>After the fiercest pangs of hot Desire</i>	64	<i>Phillis whose Heart was unconfin'd</i>	29
B		<i>Prophanely I swore by the Powers</i>	57
<i>Bless, Mortals, bless the chearing</i>	19	<i>Phillis in your absence I sad and</i>	62
<i>Bear witness now you silver</i>	32	R	
<i>Bess of Bedlam</i>	44	<i>Ranging the Plain one Summer's night</i>	7
C		<i>Remov'd from Noise and Tumults</i>	54
<i>Close by a silver Rivulet</i>	2	<i>Rashly I swore I would disown</i>	76
<i>Clorillo having long in vain</i>	4	<i>Retir'd from Mortals fight</i>	77
<i>Could Man his wish obtain.</i> Mr. Peaseable.	5	S	
<i>Cease fruitless hopes</i>	34	<i>Since other Beauties charm your heart.</i>	56
<i>Coridon met Phillis fair</i>	38	<i>She loves, and she confesses</i>	42
<i>Come dear Companion</i>	49	<i>She who my poor heart possesses</i>	48
D		<i>See what a conquest Love has made</i>	63
<i>Draw out the Minutes twice</i>	26	<i>Sleep, Adam, sleep; and take thy rest</i>	68
<i>Damon turn thine Eyes on me</i>	51	T	
<i>Daphne and Amintas: A Dialogue.</i>	58	<i>The Night her blackest Sables wore</i>	8
F		<i>That beauteous Creature for whom</i>	18
<i>Fain would I Cloris o're I dye</i>	69	<i>The bright Laurinda, whose hard fate</i>	23
G		<i>Though Sylvia lov'd too well</i>	67
<i>Go Phillis, go, be peevish still</i>	6	<i>Tell my Strephon that I dye</i>	70
<i>Gone are my happy days.</i> Mr. Hart.	13	<i>Tell my Thirlis, tell your Anguish</i>	79
<i>Go on, true Heart, pursue the prize</i>	18	<i>To love and like, and not succeed</i>	37
<i>Go, perjur'd Man.</i>	78	<i>Then we'll join hand in hand</i>	39
H		<i>Think not my Soul's delight</i>	74
<i>How wretched am I when Clarinda</i>	10	W	
<i>High State and Honour to others impart</i>	21	<i>When Phillis watch'd her harmless Sheep</i>	19
<i>Happy is the Country life</i>	36	<i>Whilst I in Shades was musing.</i> Mr. Snow.	12
<i>Flow'ring d'ye mean to torture me</i>	41	<i>What Woman was ever.</i> Mr. Hart.	16
<i>Hero's Complaint to Beahder.</i>	82	<i>When first Cellinda blest mine Eyes</i>	34
I		<i>With brightest Beams let the Sun shine</i>	30
<i>I spend my sad Life</i>	1	<i>Whilst our Flocks feed upon the Plains</i>	61
<i>In dark brake God of Love.</i> Dr. Blow.	11	<i>When Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face</i>	66
<i>To Phillis all vile filth.</i> Mr. Bapfist.	14	<i>Why does the Morn in blushes rise</i>	73
<i>I live on the Bank of Thames</i>	62	<i>When Strephon found his Passion</i>	61
L		<i>You, I love by all that's true.</i> oldling	53
<i>Lovely Solina innocent and free</i>	28	E	
<i>Lucinda by a secret Art</i>	43	<i>These small ERRATA: I desire those who buy</i>	
<i>Let each gallant Heart</i>	50	<i>the Book, to correct with a Pen.</i>	
<i>Let Equipage and Dress despair</i>	72	<i>Folio 21. line 1. frequent, put frequent.</i>	
M		<i>Folio 61. line 2. In the last the Notes are not placed right,</i>	
<i>Must poor Lovers still be wooing</i>	33	<i>they shall be that.</i>	
N		<i>Chant o're the</i>	
<i>No more on my knees to a Beauty</i>	3	<i>Folio 75. last line, A B flat is wanting to the Note over</i>	
<i>Now every place fresh pleasure</i>	36	<i>Love in the Treble.</i>	
O			
<i>On the Bank of a River close under</i>	17		

[1]

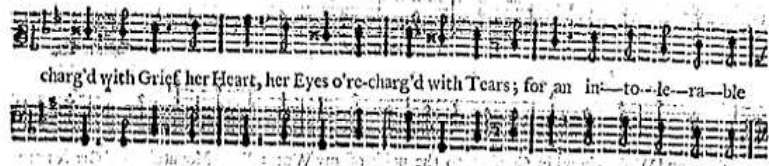




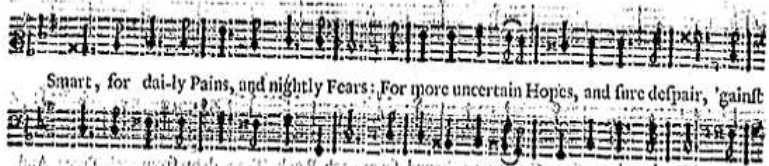
Lose by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful *Daphne*



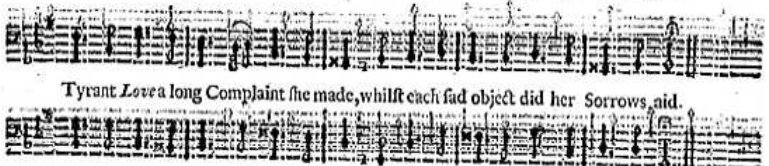
fate, leaning her me-lan-cho-ly Head on the sad Bank of an en-a-mel'd Mead; o're-



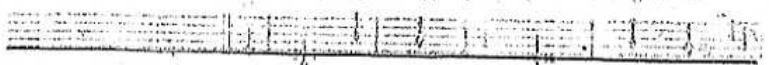
charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charge'd with Tears; for an in-to-le-ra-ble



Smart, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears: For more uncertain Hopes, and sure despair, 'gainst



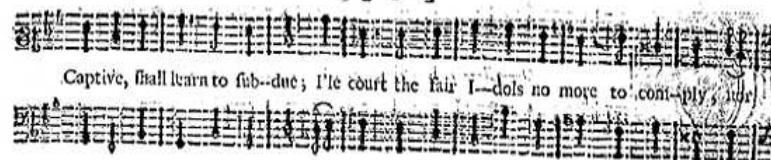
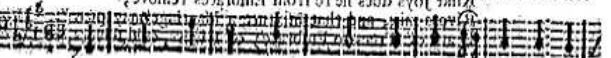
Tyrant Love a long Complaint she made, whilst each sad object did her Sorrows aid.



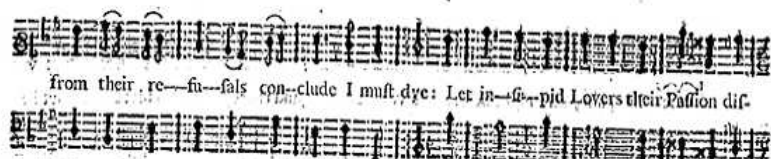
A. 2. 400.



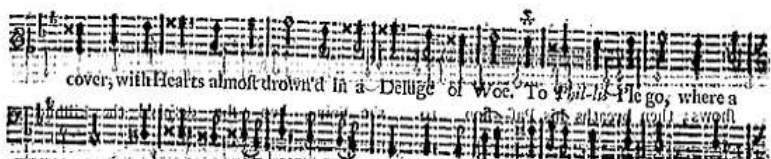
O more oft my Knees do a-bow, my Heart that was



Captive, shall learn to sub-due; I'll court the fair I-dols no more to com-ply, nor



from their re-su-fals con-clude I must dye: Let in-se-pid Lovers their Passion dis-

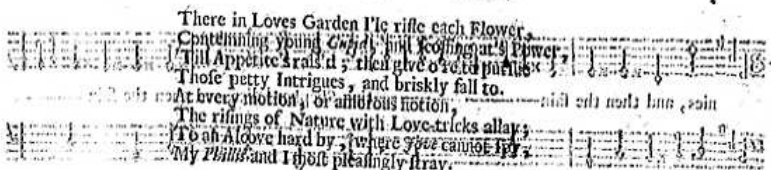


cover, with Hearts almost drown'd in a Deluge of Woe. To what I'll go, where a



whisper or so, makes way to the Fountain where Pleasures beshow:

II.



There in Loves Garden I'll rise each Flower,

Containing young *Cupid's* hot scorching Power,

Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o're to pursue

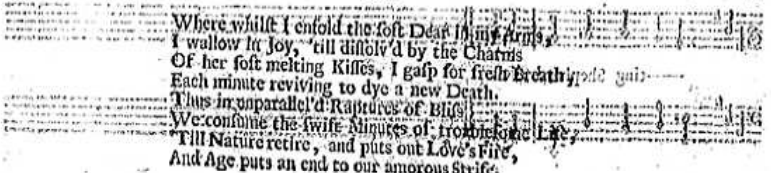
Those petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.

The rifings of Nature with Love-tricks ally;

To an A-love hard by, where *you* cannot fly;

My *Plum* and I most pleasingly pray.

III.



Where whilst I enfold the soft Dear *My* Arms,

I wallow in Joy, 'till dissolv'd by the Charms

Of her soft melting Kisses, I gasp for fresh Breath;

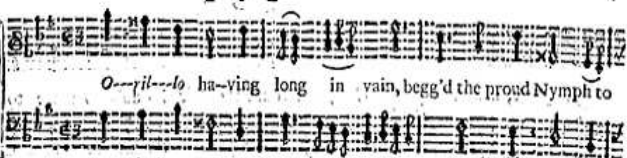
Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.

Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss

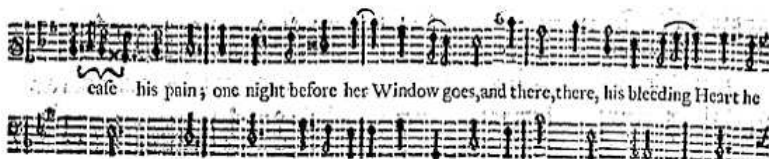
We consume the swift Minutes of transitory Life;

Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,

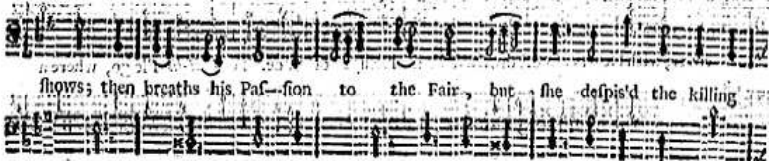
And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.



O--p--il--lo ha-ving long in vain, begg'd the proud Nymph to



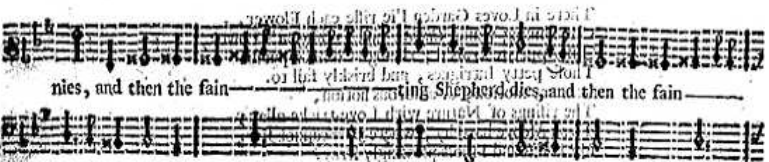
ease his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he



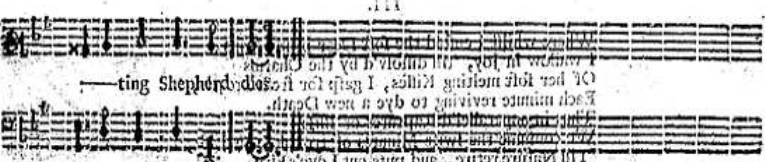
shows; then breaths his Pas-sion to the Fair, but she despis'd the killing



Care: At length o'recharg'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what she de-

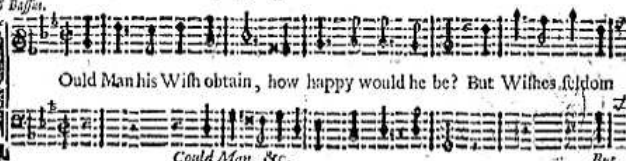


nies, and then the fain--



ting Shepherd does not stay I, when I see him, I do not stay

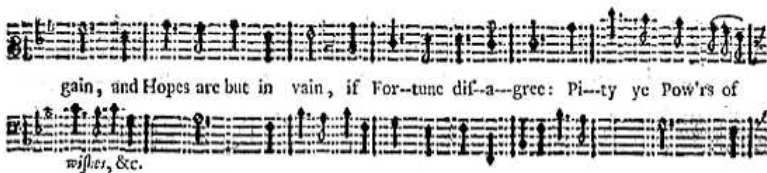
A. 2. var. Cantata & Basses.



ould Man his Wish obtain, how happy would he be? But Wishes seldom

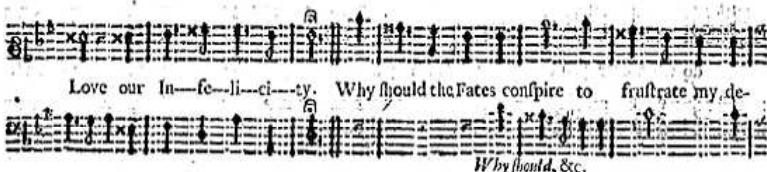
Could Man, &c.

But



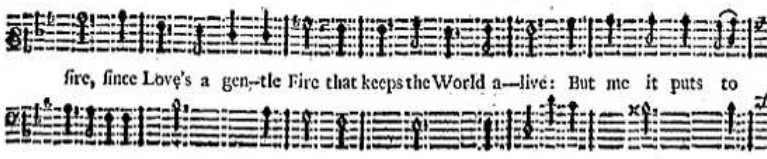
gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For-tune dis-a-gree: Pi-ty ye Pow'rs of

wisdom, &c.

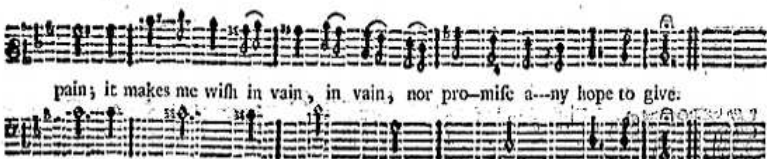


Love our In-se-li-ci-ty. Why should the Fates conspire to frustrate my de-

Why should, &c.



fire, since Love's a gen-tle Fire that keeps the World a-live: But me it puts to



pain; it makes me wish in vain, in vain, nor pro-mise a--ny hope to give:

II.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames pursue,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A Blessing far above,
More lasting, rich, and kind;

Though hopes successless prove,
My Heart shall ne're remove
From wishing of her Love,
In Fortune's Triumphs lead:
And though it banish me,
If she but happy be,
I would please my Ghost when I am dead;

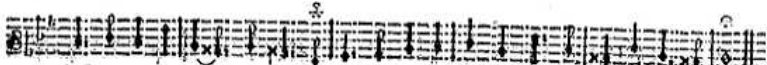
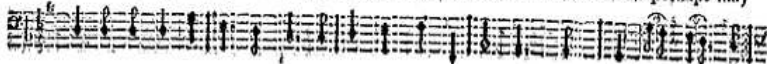
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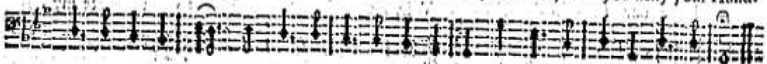
O, *Phil-lis*, go, be pe--vish still, and see if you can find



one to be subject to your Will, and to your Lightness blind; Such a kind Fool perhaps may



do what ever you command; and humbly kneel to kiss your Shoe, when you deny your Hand.

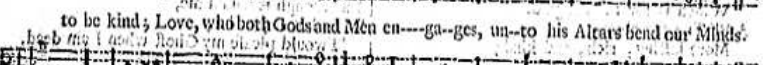
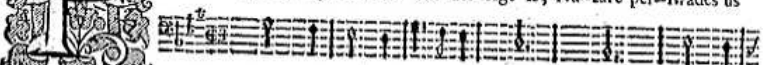


II.

But have a care, for Fools are cross,
And when you light on one;
I'll joy to see you at a loss,
And not your Fate bemoan:
Your Pride I'll then with Scorn repay,
And laugh to see you grieve;
And counterfeiting Sighs, will say,
Dear *Philis*, now some comfort give.



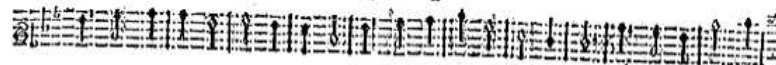
Hi-l-da, whilst our ten--der Age is, Na--ture per--swades us



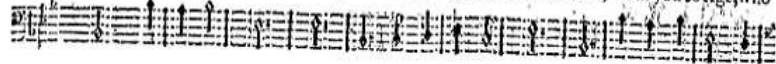
to be kind; Love, who both Gods and Men en--ga--ges, un--to his Altars bend our Minds.



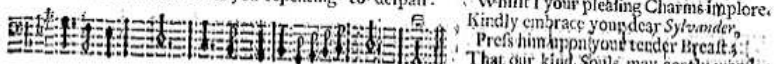
2. 4.



At your re--si--sting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Lads you to Age, who



unbefriended leaves you repenting to despair.



No more in vain their wail your Beauty,
And those sweet Treasures I adore;
To Love and Nature pay your duty,
Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.
Kindly embrace your dear *Sylvander*,
Press him up to your tender Breast;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the blest banks of Happiness.

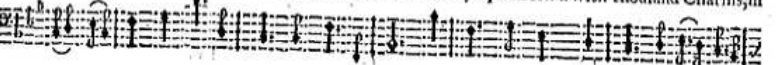
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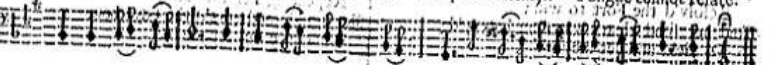
Anging the Plain one Summer's night, to pass a vacant hour, I for--tu-



nately chanc'd to light on love--ly *Philis* Bow'r: The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms, in



ex--pe--cta--tion fate, to meet those Joys in *Strepson's* Arms, which Tongue could not relate.



II.

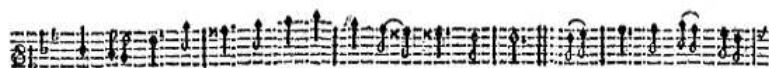
Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
Her Breast did gently rise;
That e'ry Lover might have read
Her Wishes in her Eyes.
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
He suddenly would flit
A Cold on all her Body, till
A trembling on her Heart.

III.

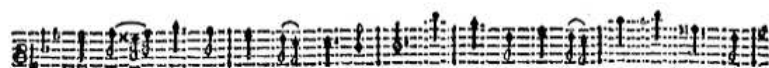
But he that knew how well she lov'd,
Beyond his hour had stay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swears
He would be here by Oath;
But now, alas! 'tis six and more
And yet he is not come!



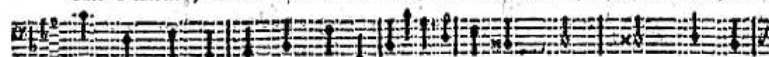
HE Night her blackest Sables wore, and gloomy were the Skies; and



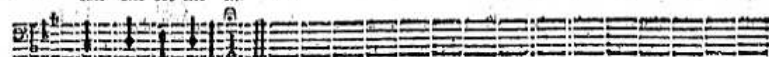
glitt'ring Stars there were no more, than those in Stella's Eyes: When at her Fa-ther's



Gate I knock'd, where I had of-ten been; and shrowded on-ly with her Smock, the



fair one let me in.



II.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay agham'd;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So great a God was I.
And she transported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

IV.

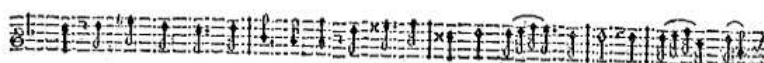
But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,
And sighing fate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,
Repenting her rash Sin;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e're she let me in.

V.

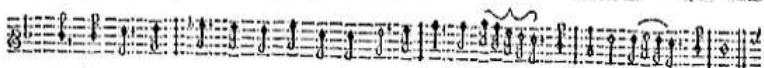
But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charnier of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e're she let me in.



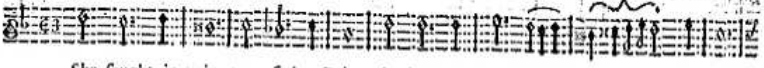
Hen Phillis watcht her harmless Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a



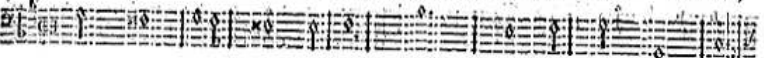
Prey; yet she had cause enough to weep, her sil-ly Heart did go astray: Then fly--ing



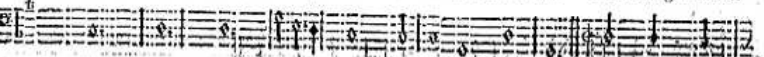
to the neigh'ring Grove, she left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Love;



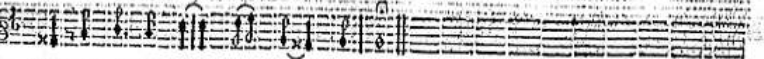
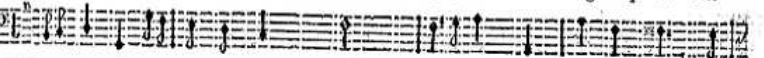
She fought in vain to ease her Pain, the heedless Winds did fan her Fire;



venting her Grief gave no re--lief, but rather did encrease desire. Then sitting with her

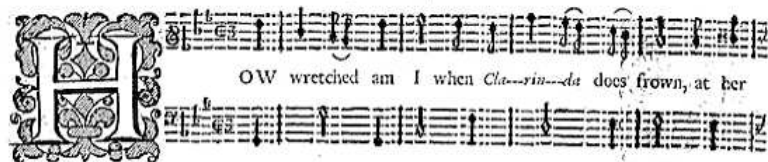


Arms across, her Sorrows streaming from each Eye; she fixt her thoughts up--on--her

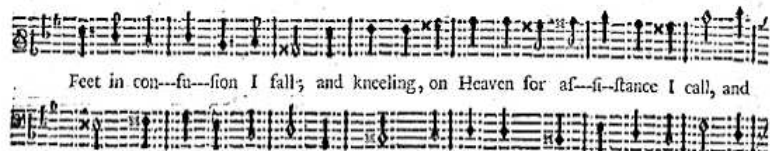


Loss, and in De-spair, re-solv'd to dye.

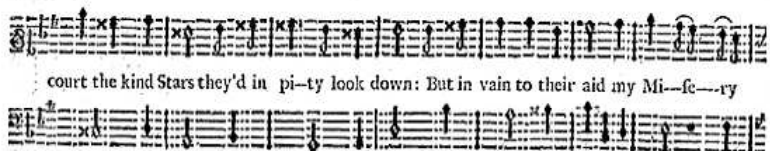




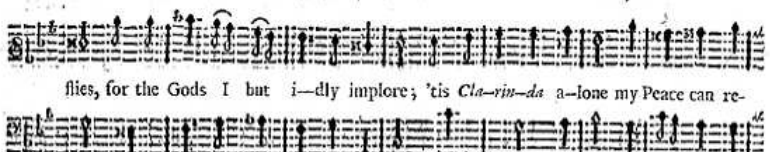
OW wretched am I when *Cla-rin-da* does frown, at her



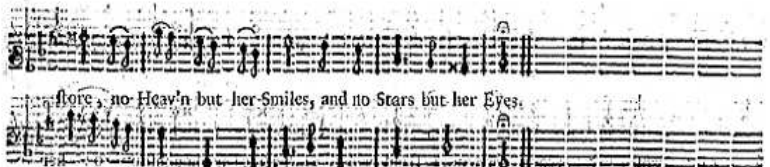
Feet in con-fu-sion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for af-fi-stance I call, and



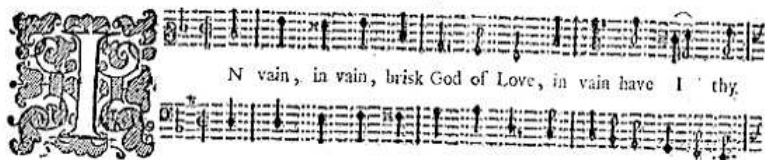
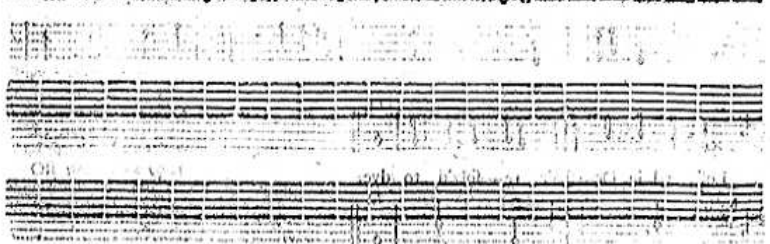
court the kind Stars they'd in pi-ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi-se-ry



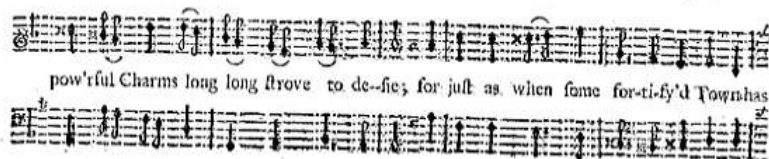
flies, for the Gods I but i-dly implore; 'tis *Cla-rin-da* a-lone my Peace can re-



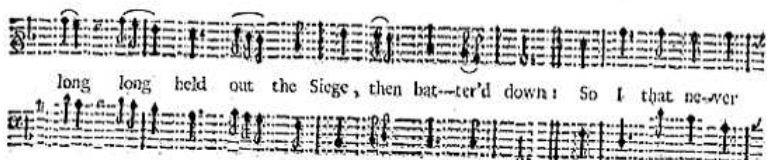
store, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.



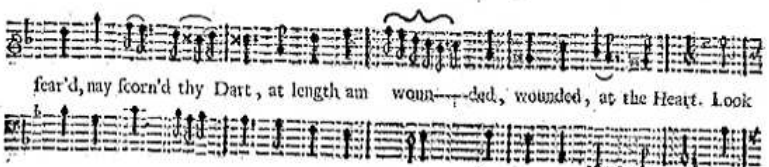
N vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy



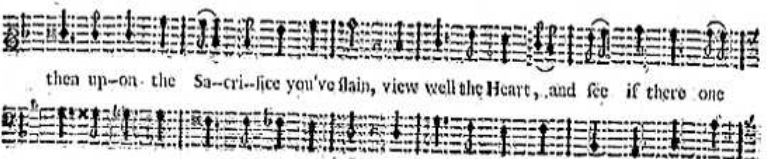
pow'rful Charms long long strove to de-sie; for just as when some for-ti-fy'd Town has



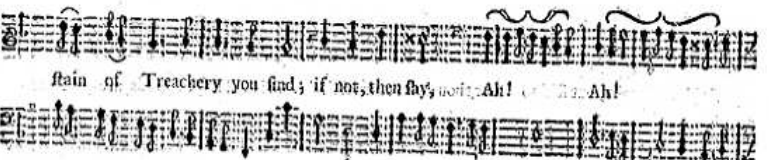
long long held out the Siege, then bat-ter'd down: So I that ne-ver



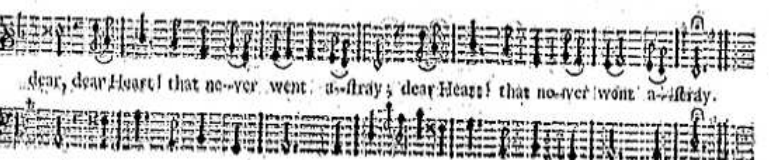
fear'd, may scorn'd thy Dart, at length am wound-ed, wounded, at the Heart. Look



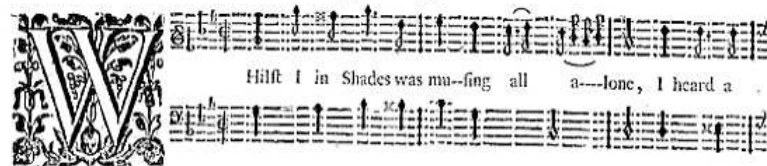
then up-on the Sa-cri-fice you've slain, view well the Heart, and see if there one



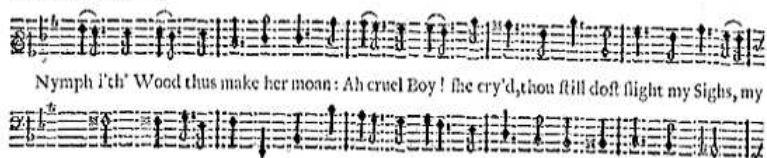
stain of Treachery you find; if not, then say, no! Ah! Ah!



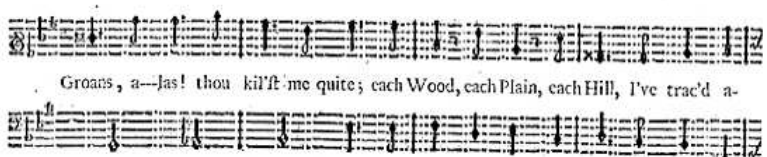
dear, dear Heart! that ne-ver went a-stray; dear Heart! that ne-ver won't a-stray.



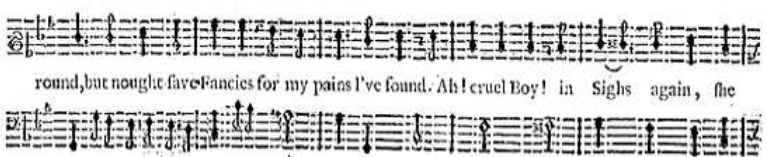
Hilt I in Shades was mu--sing all a--lone, I heard a



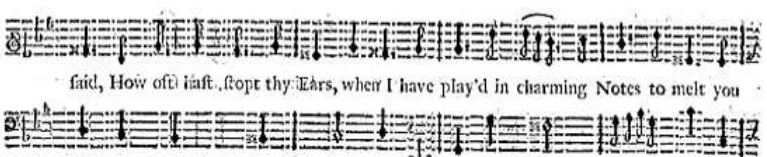
Nymph I th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! she cry'd, thou still dost slight my Sighs, my



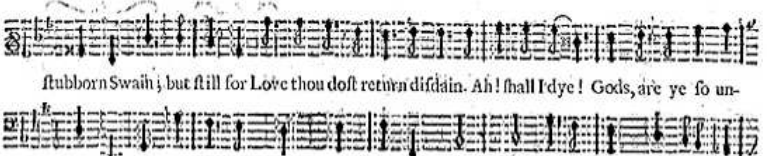
Groans, a--las! thou kill'st me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a-



round, but nought save Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, she



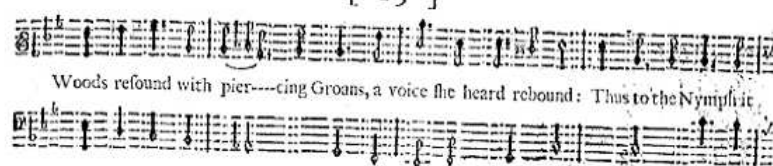
said, How oft I ha'st, Rapt thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you



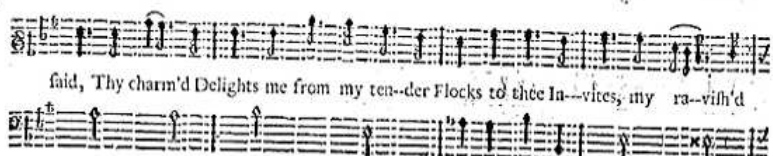
stubborn Swain; but still for Love thou dost return disdain. Ah! shall I dye! Gods, are ye so un-



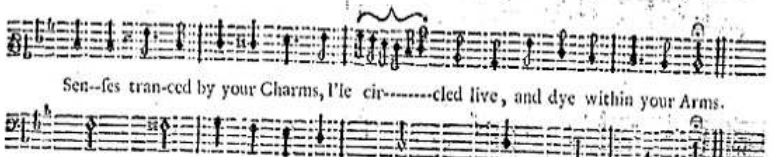
kind! I afford no aid to my di--stra--cted Mind! and at these words she wept, the



Woods resound with pier--cing Groans, a voice she heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph it

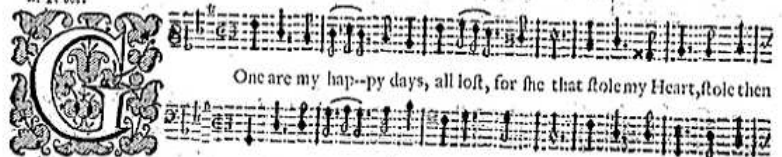


said, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten--der Flocks to thee la--vices, my ra--vish'd

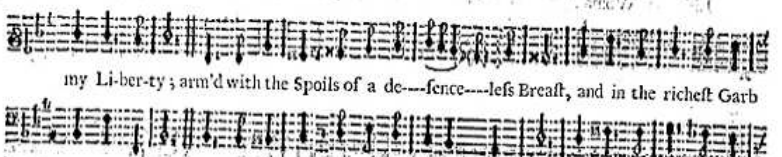


Sen--ses tran--ced by your Charms, I'll cir--cled live, and dye within your Arms.

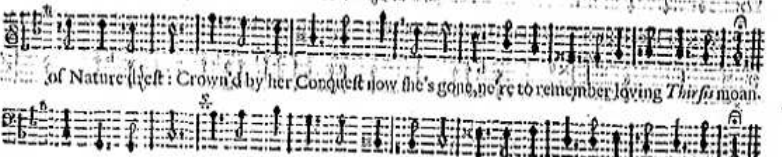
A. 2. voc.



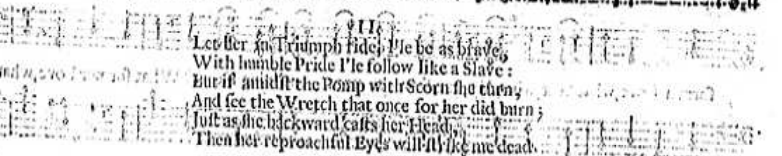
One are my hap--py days, all lost, for she that stole my Heart, stole then



my Li--ber--ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de--fence--less Breast, and in the richest Garb



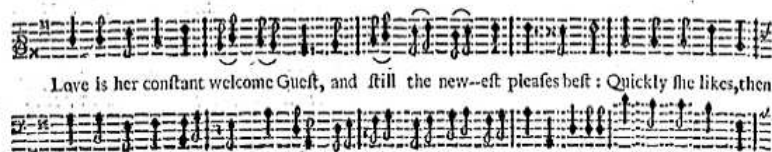
of Nature left: Crown'd by her Conquest now she's gone, no re to remember loving *Thine* moan.



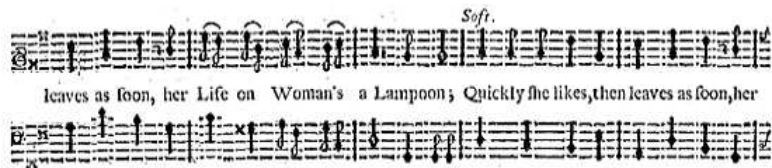
Let her in Triumph ride, she be as brave,
With humble Pride I'll follow like a Slave:
But if amidst the Pomp with Scorn she then
And see the Wretch that once for her did burn;
Just as she backward casts her Head,
Then her reproachful Byes will fly like me dead.



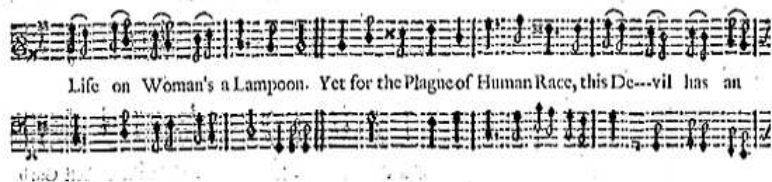
N *Philis* all vile Jilts are met, foolish, un-cer-tain, false Cocquet;



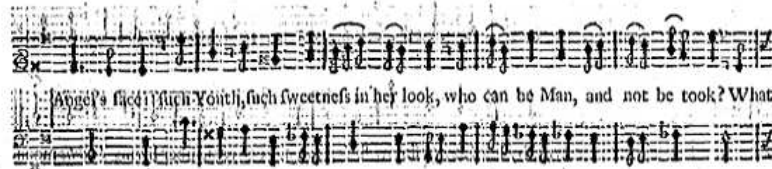
Love is her constant welcome Guest, and still the new-est pleases best: Quickly she likes, then



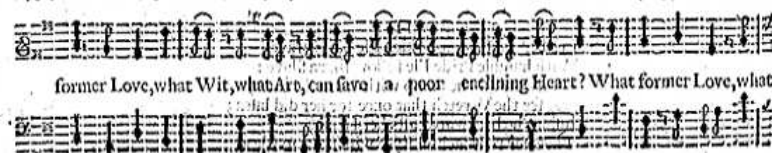
leaves as soon, her Life on Woman's a Lampoon; Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon, her



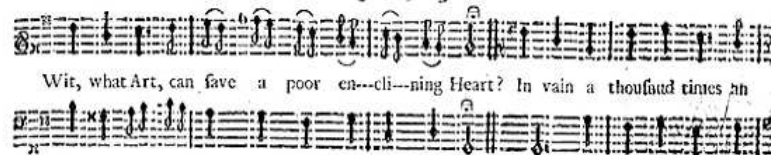
Life on Woman's a Lampoon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De-vil has an



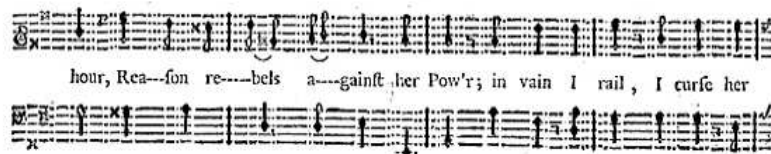
Angel's face! such Youth, such sweetness in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What



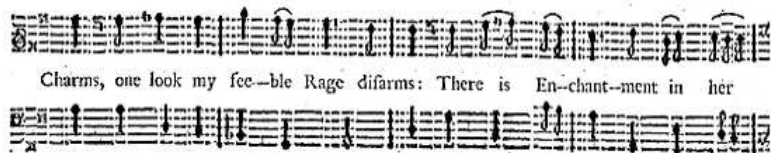
former Love, what Wit, what Art, can save a poor en-clin-ing Heart? What former Love, what



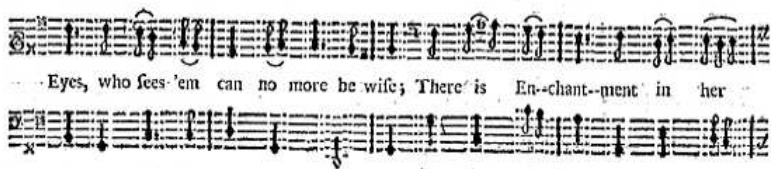
Wit, what Art, can save a poor en-clin-ing Heart? In vain a thousand times an



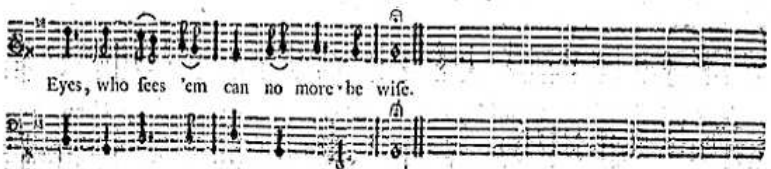
hour, Rea-son re-bels a-against her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curse her



Charms, one look my fee-ble Rage disarms: There is En-chant-ment in her



Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wise; There is En-chant-ment in her



Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wife.



What Woman was e-ver so for-tu-nate, as to dis-co-ver the
fal-si-ty of an in-por-tu-nate treacherous Lover; with Cringes and Tears when they
vow they will e-ver o-bey us, poor cre-du-lous we never know they will surely be-
tray us. Perfidious Man! let us do what we can, will un-do us; they de-sign to de-
ceive, when they make us believe that they woo us: And Perjury's grown such an Art in the
Town, so in fashion; that Custom and Time has made it no Crime in the Na-tion.

III.

Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's flattering Anguish,
Their Crocodile Tears shall no more make us mournfully languish;
Our Beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,
As pleasantly then we'll use our Coyness and Frowns to destroy them.

IV.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical shapes do accost us,
Will most surely repent when they find us relent, and they ha' lost us;
Their hours they pass in consulting the Glass to find Graces,
May make us approve, and presently love their Fools faces.

On the Bank of a Ri-ver close under the shade, young Cleon and
Sylvia one evening were laid; the Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love, but Honour had
won her his Flame to reprove. She cry'd, where's the Luster, when Clouds shade the Sun? or
what is rich Nellar, the tast being gone? 'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do
dwell; but if gather'd the Rose is, it lo-ses the smell.

II.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
In matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
For Scandal can blast both the Chast and the Fair.
Most hence are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.



O on, true Heart! pur-sue the Prize, thy Pas-sion knows its

Doom; 'twill find some pi-ty in her Eyes, or send thee slighted home: Yet from her Heart I'll

read my Fate, if that to Love in--cline; it can--not change so soon to hate, but

it must think on mine.

II.

Kind Nature will her hate oppose;
And though she does not love,
My Passion I will so disclose,
As shall her pity move.
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,
Although her Heart were Stone,
I'll melt it into chaste Desire,
And Coyn it in my own.



Hat beau-te-ous Creature for whom I'm a Lover, I can-not, I

will not, I must not dis-co-ver, I can-not, I will not, I must not dis-co-ver: Yet

mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give; for she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live, is

either call'd Ma--ry, or Ba--ry, or Ann. Now guess if you can, now guess if you can.

II.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I say no more, but I say no more.



Less, Mortals, bleis the chearing Light that flows from Celia's Eyes; for

never did a Star so bright in Beauties Heav'n rise: And whilst a Crown's uneasy weight, and

all the mighty toils of State; she softens with her Charms, bleis, bleis, the hap-py

II.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew;
And yet how few in Kings approve
What they themselves pursue.
The murmuring Crowd themselves afford
The Pleasures they deny their Lord,
Though Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

Dr. Blow,

A. D. 1766.



Hi-lan-der once a mer-ry Swain, a charming Nymph did love; who



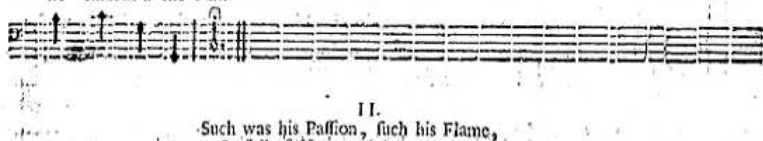
ne-ver paid his Love a--gain, but did un-con-stant prove: Falf-ly the Shepherd



he forsook, and did his Love dis-dain; yet he in love such plea-sure took, that



he embrac'd the Pain.



II.

Such was his Passion, such his Flame,
So full of Honour too,
That he still lov'd to breath her name,
Although she prov'd untrue:
Therefore beneath a Myrtle shade,
One pleasant Summer's Morn,
The too unhappy Shepherd laid,
And did lament her Scorn.

III.

Thus to himself the wretched Swain;
Though tender of her Fame,
Of Sylvia's fallhead did complain,
Yet durst not blast her name:
Dear Sylvia! why didst thou give way,
That I should talk of Love,
Yet knewst thou couldst not Love repay,
Nor wouldst it my Flame remove?

IV.

When in its Youth my Passion was,
'Twas easie to remove;
But now 'tis grown to such a pass,
The Task too hard will prove:
For in my Heart the love of you
Too deeply rooted is;
'Twas the first Grief I ever knew,
Yet is my greatest Bliss.

257

An AYYRE on a Ground.



High State and Honours to o--thers im-part, but give me your



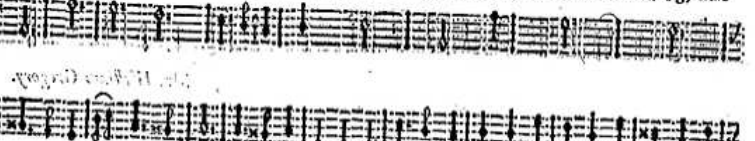
Heart; that Treasure, that Treasure a--lone, I beg for my own: So gen-tle a Love, so



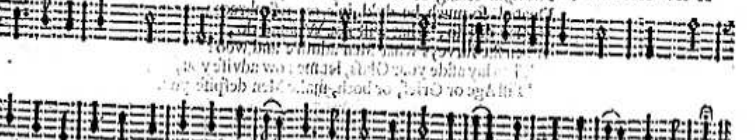
frequent a Fire, my Soul does inspire; that Treasure, that Treasure alone; I beg for my



own. Your Love let me crave, give me in pos-sess-ing so matchless a Bless-ing, that



Empire is all I would have, loves my Petition and all my Ambition. If o're you dis-co-ver so



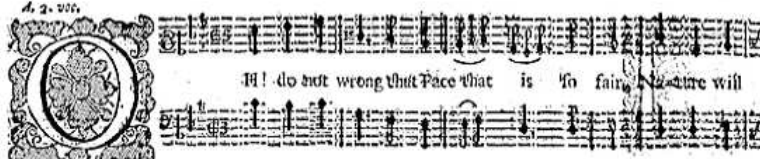
faithful, so faithful a Lover, so re-al a Flame, I'd dye, I'd dye, I'd dye, to give up my Game.



Mr. Abel.

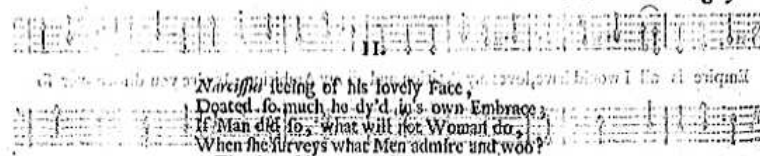
On a Lady dressing by a Glass.

4. 2. 100.

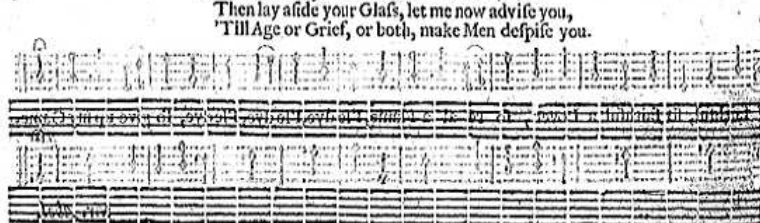


O! do not wrong that Face that is so fair, No more will
 chide if you her Work im-pair; she has been free in gi-ving all the
 can, to make you love-ly, and ad-mir'd by Man. Then lay a-side your Glass,
 let me now ad-vise you, 'till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.

Mr. William Gregory.



III.
 Narcissus being of his lovely Face,
 Deoted so much, he dy'd in's own Embrace;
 If Man del's, what will not Woman do,
 When she surveys what Men admire and woo?
 Then lay aside your Glass, let me now advise you,
 'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.




THE bright Phillis, whose hard fate it was to love a Swain, in-vat-er'd,
 fainter, and ingrate, grew weary of her pain: Long, long, a-las! she vain-ly strove, to
 free her Captive Heart from Love; till urg'd too much by his disdain, she broke at last the
 strong-link'd Chain, and vow'd she ne'er would love again.

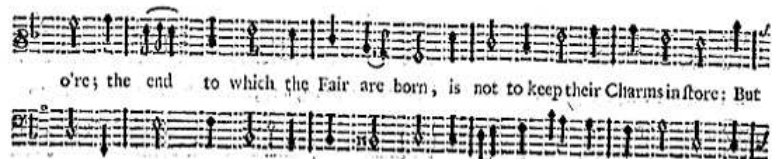
Capt. Parker.

II.
 The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
 Gay as the blooming Spring, more than before
 To no soft Tale would lend an ear,
 But careless sit and sing, or dance and sing;
 Or if a moving Story brought her young
 Her frozen Breast to a kind throb,
 She check'd her Heart, and said, 'Tis but a dream;
 A mirror thus his story told, but now he's cold,
 Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

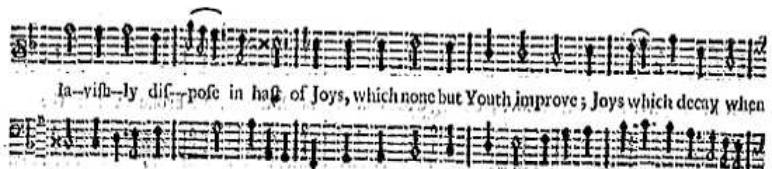
III.
 Long thus she kept her Liberty,
 And by her all-conquering Eyes
 A thousand Youths did captivate;
 Her Beauty's sacrifice, you'd say, was due to
 'Till Love at last young Phillis' heart did strike,
 The object of each Virgin's sigh, and each
 Whose strange restraint, and cruel band had broke
 They made her love, and she did love, and
 And made her love as those above.



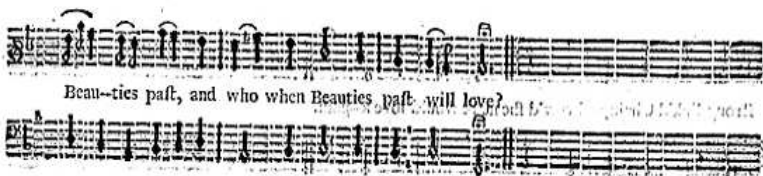
Pox up-on: this need-les Scorn, *Sylvia* for shame the Cheat give



o're; the end to which the Fair are born, is not to keep their Charms in store; But



la-vish-ly dis-pose in ha'st of Joys, which none but Youth improve; Joys which decay when



Beau-ties past, and who when Beauties past will love?

Capt. Packe.

II.

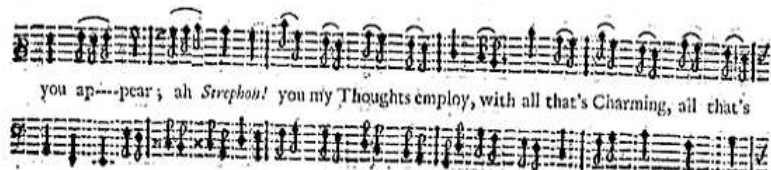
When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenge all your cold disdain;
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
By every one admiring Swain;
And we can only pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn;
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia*, who will make return?

III.

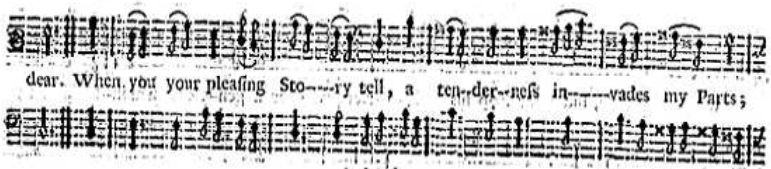
Then hast my *Sylvia* to the Groves, where I have lost you;
Where all the Sweets of *May* compile,
To teach us every Art of Love;
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher;
And when Embracing we shall lie,
Closely in shades on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World while we are so, shall seem vani-
Years would be Minutes; Ages Hours.



H! what can mean that ea-ger Joy? Transports my Soul when



you ap-pear; ah *Shepherd*! you my Thoughts employ, with all that's Charming, all that's



dear. When you your pleasing Sto-ry tell, a ten-der-ness in-vades my Parts;

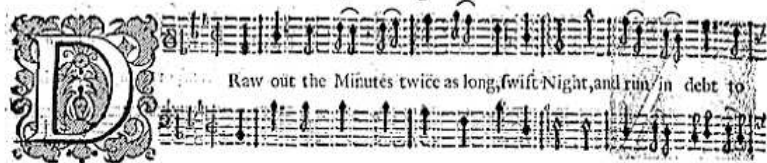


And I with Blush-es own, I feel something rob-mel-ting at my Heart.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

Each sight my Reason does surprise,
And I at once both wish and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle Stories there;
Take, take that Heart that needs would go;
But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents would bestow,
If this, alas! should be abus'd?



Draw out the Minutes twice as long, swift Night, and run in debt to



day; Loves Ene—my, thou soft-pac'd robber of Delight, how thou dost steal a-



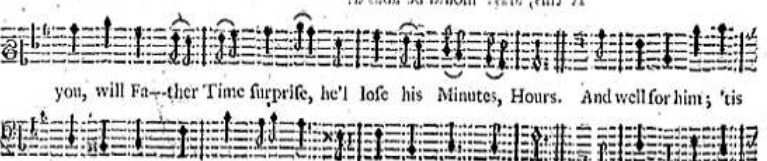
way? Cro—win—lar, bid Time stop his full ca—rier, whisper a gen—tle Charm in to his Ear;



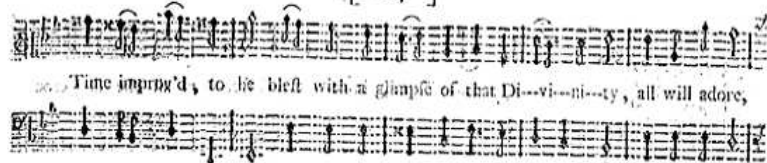
tell him, tis you; tell him, tis you that's here. Sure nothing's Charm-proof



'gainst that Tongue, those Eyes, that grate—ful Men of yours; one look from you, from



you, will Fa—ther Time surprise, he'll lose his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis

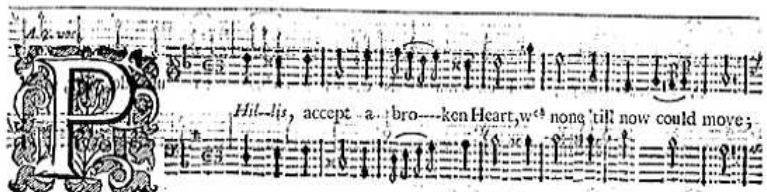


Time improv'd, to be blest with a glimpse of that Di—vi—ni—ty, all will adore,



all will a—dore that see.

Dr. Blow.



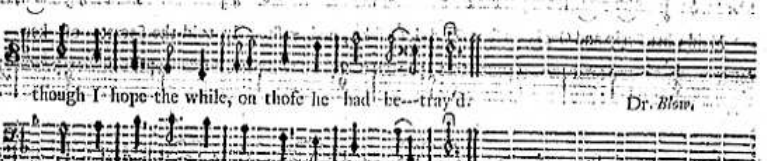
His—lis, accept a bro—ken Heart, w^{ch} none till now could move;



Beauty, like yours, should coth a part, in fa—ding per—jur'd Love: Yet I some-



times have seen you smile, on one makes Love a Trade; you smile, but

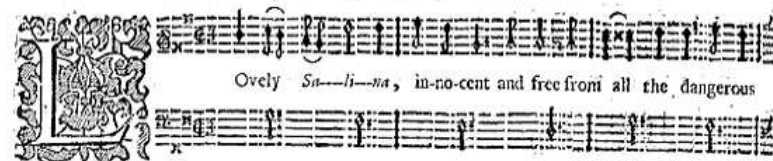


though I hope the while, on those he had be—tray'd.

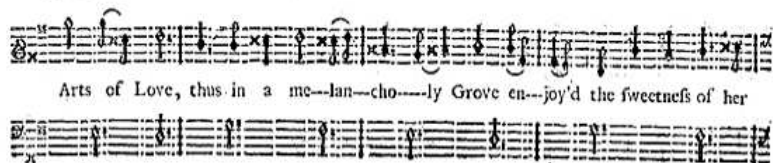
Dr. Blow.

Must all be Cozeners who are fair?
And slighted who are true?
This time for nigh then to despair,
My Heart's too full for you.

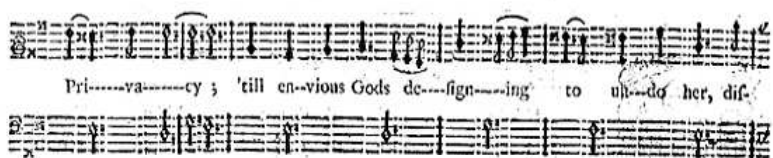
If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,
Though you should change to me,
For she that can prove false to one,
Will false for ever be.



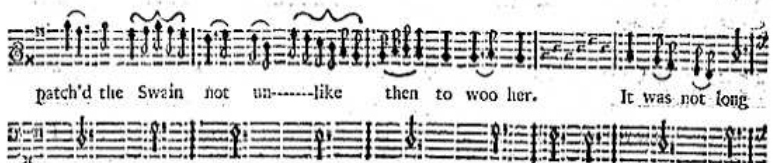
Ovely *Sn—li—na*, in-no-cent and free from all the dangerous



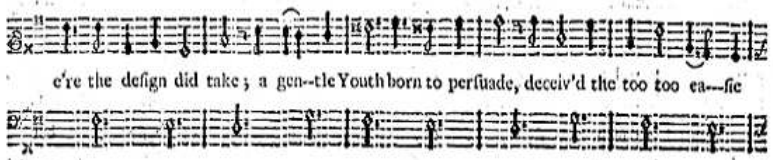
Arts of Love, thus in a me—lan—cho—ly Grove en—joy'd the sweetness of her



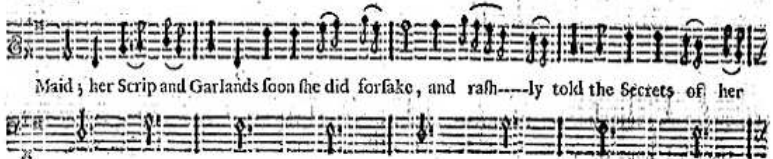
Pri—va—cy; 'till en—vious Gods de—sign—ing to un—do her, dis-



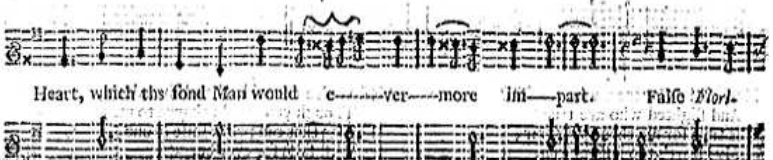
patch'd the Swain not un—like then to woo her. It was not long



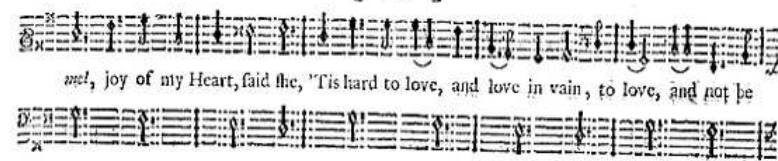
e're the design did take; a gen—tle Youth born to persuade, deceiv'd the too too ea—sie



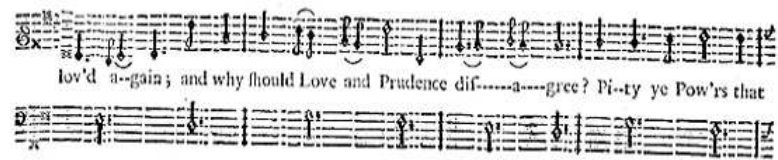
Maid; her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake, and rash—ly told the Secrets of her



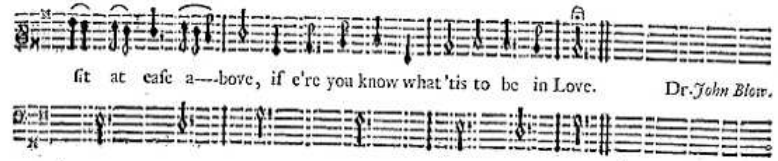
Heart, which thy fond Man would e—ver—more im—part. *Falso Flor.*



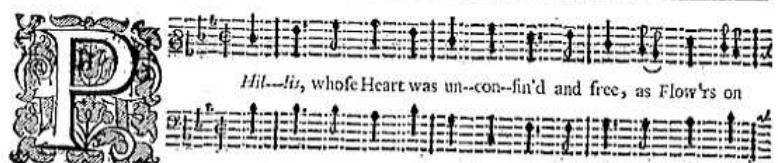
mel, joy of my Heart, said she, 'Tis hard to love, and love in vain, to love, and not be



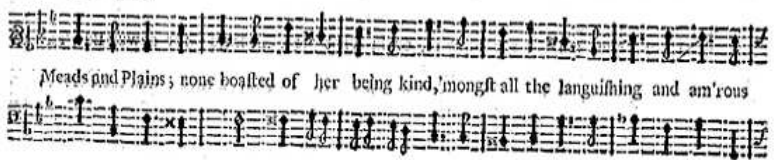
lov'd a—gain; and why should Love and Prudence dis—agree? Pi—ty ye Pow'rs that



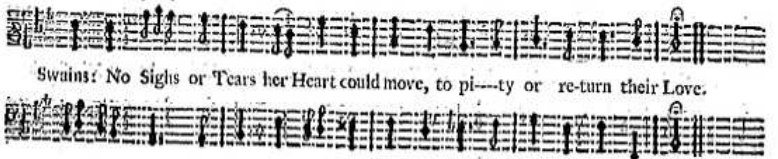
fit at ease a—bove, if e're you know what 'tis to be in Love. *Dr. John Blow.*



Hil—lis, whose Heart was un—con—fin'd and free, as Flow'rs on



Meads and Plains; none boasted of her being kind, 'mongst all the languishing and am'rous



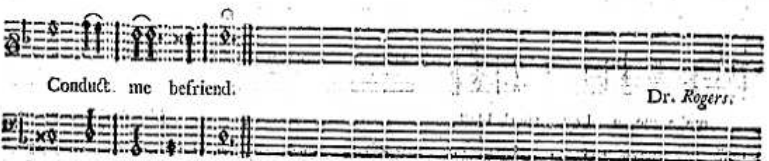
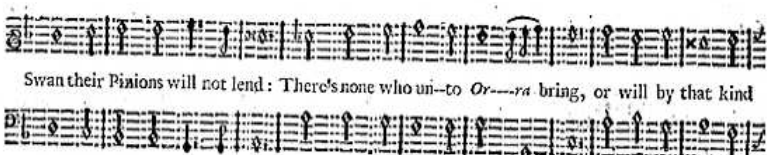
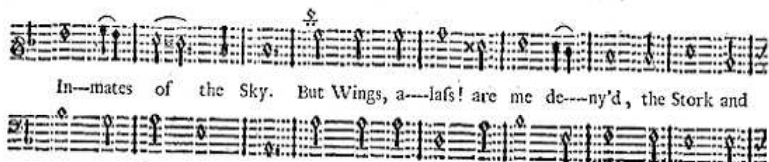
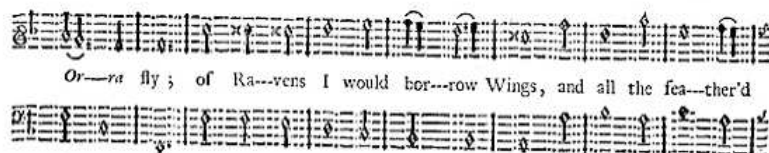
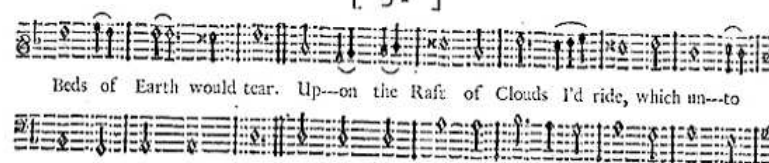
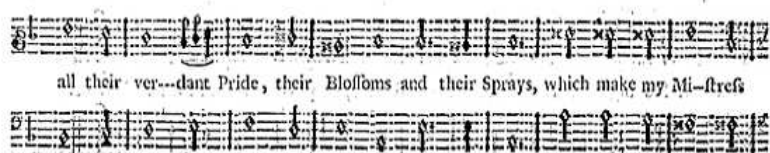
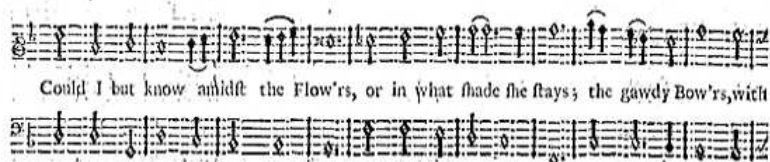
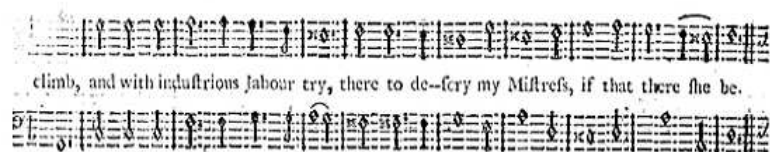
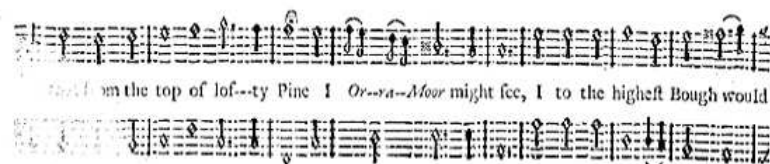
Swains: No Sighs or Tears her Heart could move, to pi—ty or re—turn their Love.

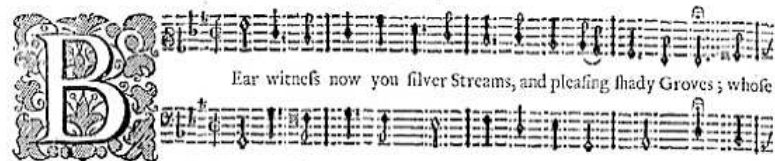
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.
Till, on a time the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the heat o' th' day,
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Slept on the careless shepherd slept and lay.
But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is ravish'd for all her Scorn.

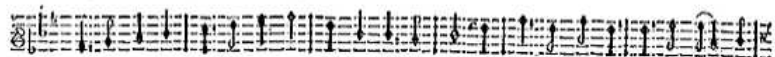
III.
Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,
And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;
A softness in her Eyes appear'd,
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm.
To Woods and Echo's now she cries,
For Modesty to speak denies.

O R R A M O O R, a Lapland Song.

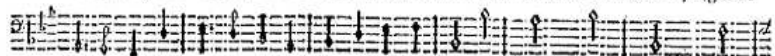




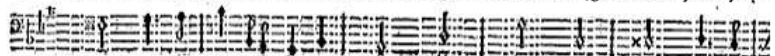
Ear witness now you silver Streams, and pleasing shady Groves; whose



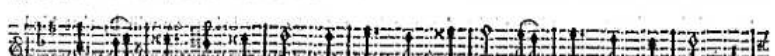
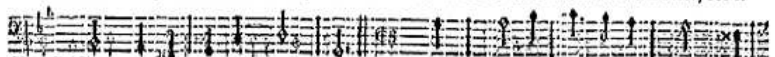
Harmony and Solitude can sweeten harmless Loves: How loud the Echo's of my Sighs do



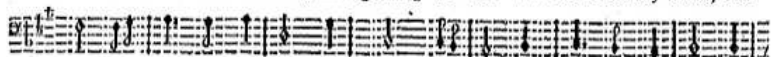
ring, for her whose Scorns can me no comfort bring? Ye Pow'rs above, grant she may love, and



feel those Pangs which I al-ready know. For if Love once dwell in her Breast, for if

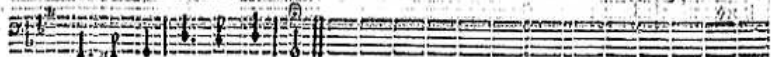


Love once dwell in her Breast, such pleasing Re-lief will drown all my Grief, and



make me a Lover that's blest.

Mr. Hanftor.



II.

Fly Echo's, fly, and in your gentle murmur'ing Whispers bear

My Languishing and deep Complaints to my dear Phillis ear;

Tell her, oh tell her, tis for her I dye;

And ask her, when she'll leave off Cruelty?

Oh powerful Love! come from above,

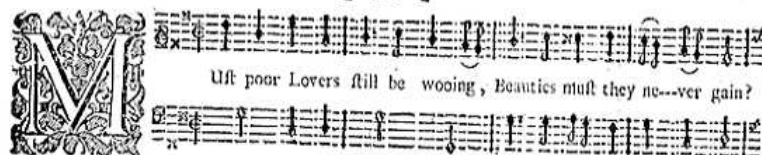
And in her chaste Heart go take up thy seat:

For if Love once dwell in her Breast,

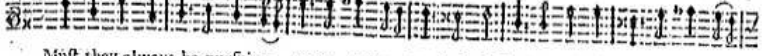
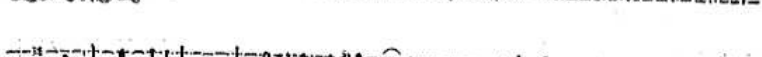
Such pleasing Relief

Will drown all my Grief,

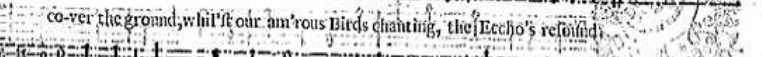
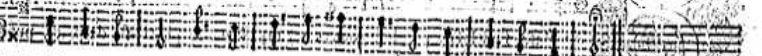
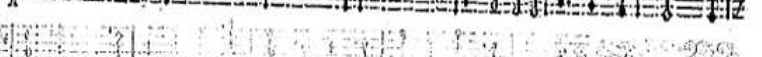
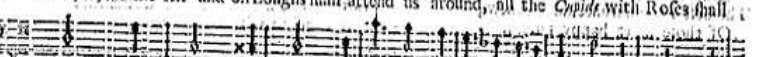
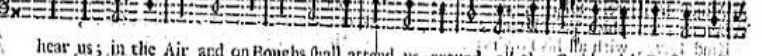
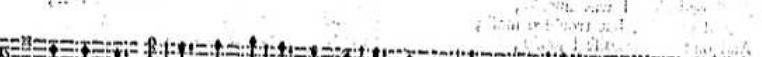
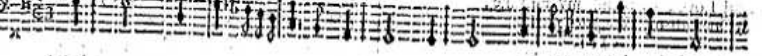
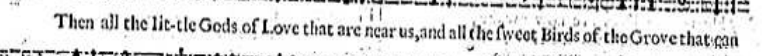
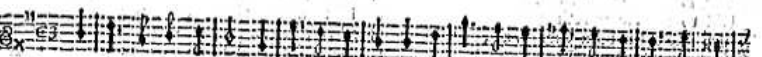
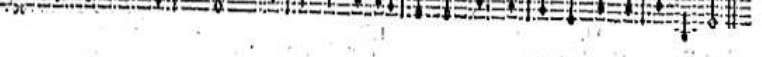
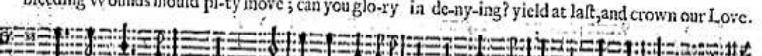
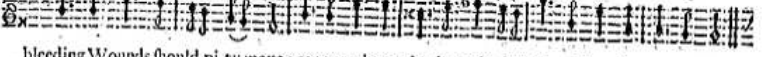
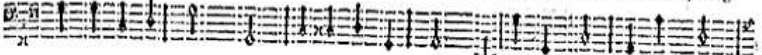
And make me a Lover that's blest.



Ust poor Lovers still be wooing, Beauties must they ne-ver gain?



Must they always be pursuing, never, never, to obtain? Can you glory in our dy-ing?

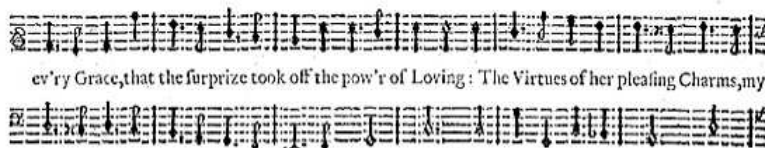


Then with Myrtle Wreaths surrounded,
Underneath cool Shades wellys;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
There both killing, we both dye.

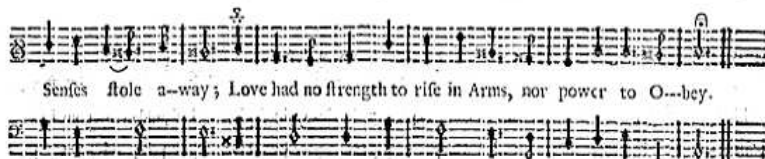
Thy bright Eyes shall gently fire me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
And thy charming Looks inspire me,
With new Themes of Poetry.
Then all the little Gods



When first Co--lin--da blest mine Eyes, so pret--ty and so moving was



ev'ry Grace, that the surprize took off the pow'r of Loving: The Virtues of her pleasing Charms, my



Senses stole a--way; Love had no strength to rise in Arms, nor power to O--bey.

Isaac Blackwell.

II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all
Did to my Heart retire;
Which like a stubborn City Wall,
Kept out the happy Fire:
My Heart and Eyes are now awake,
And all my Dreams are true;
And Love, to punish my mistake,
Does all my thoughts pursue.

III.

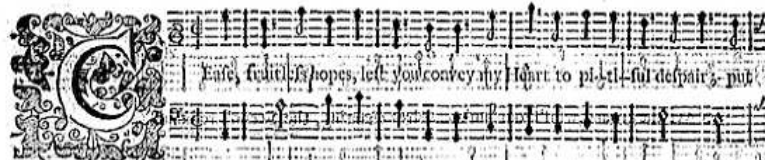
At second view I was amaz'd,
And griev'd, but troubled most;
And on that Paradise I gaz'd,
Which I so lately lost:
When that Seraphick Face I view,
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs,
The best remembrance does renew,
Of those short happy Hours.

IV.

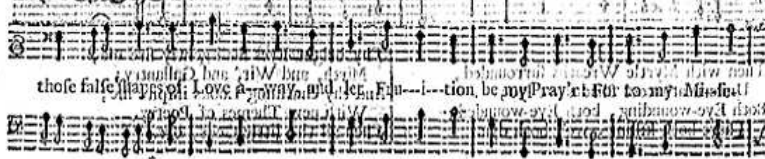
Blest be the Hours that let me know,
Earth had so rich a Treasure;
I'll live and revel here below,
And swim in Seas of Pleasure:
I'll banquet all my Senses here,
And treat my Soul with Bliss;
Musick and Wit shall feed my Ear,
And Beauty give me kisses.

V.

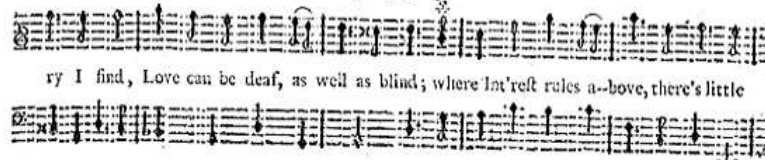
Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou hast,
And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I see, I smell, I taste,
But there's one Sense still wanting,
From the rare virtue of which Sense,
All Senses have depending;
Love did at first from that Commence
A Pleasure without ending.



Ease, faint hopes, lest you convey my Heart to pit--ful despair, but



those false hopes, Love's a--way, and I see, Faint--tion, be my Pray'r for to my Mis--



ry I find, Love can be deaf, as well as blind; where Int'rest rules a--bove, there's little

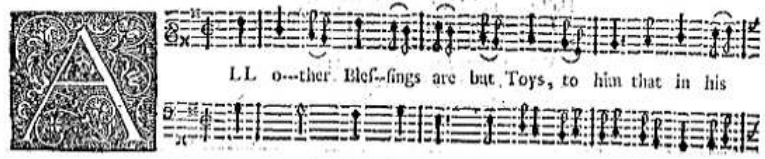


pleading in the Laws of Love.

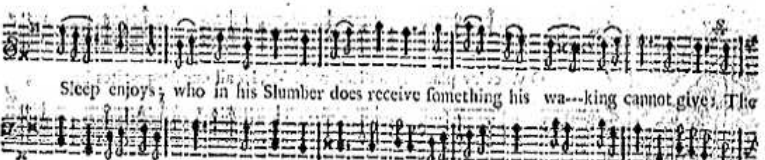
Isaac Blackwell.

How strange a Vassal is her Fate,
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;
Love that's constrain'd oft turns to hate,
And makes the Union but in vain:
Yet Love is Mercenary made,
And Marriage turns into a Trade;
Where Int'rest must express
The measure of true Love and Happiness.

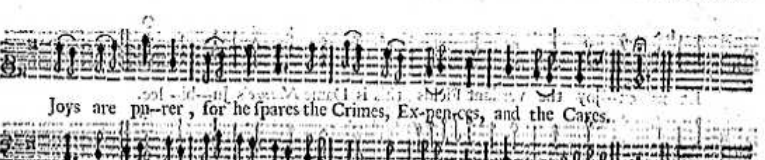
Affection should be brave and free,
And where it doubly pays its Charms;
It gains more by Civility,
Than all the glitt'ring force of Arms.
We still obey what is above,
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;
But equal in Command
Do often struggle for the upper hand.



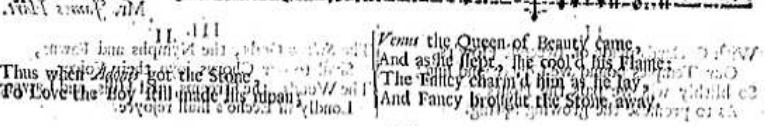
LL o--ther Bles--sings are but Toys, to him that in his



Sleep enjoys; who in his Slumber does receive something his wa--king cannot give. The

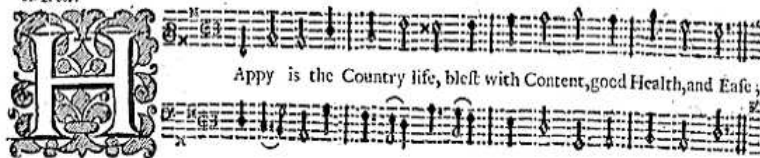


Joys are pu--rer, for he spares the Crimes, Ex--pences, and the Cares.



Thus when the Queen of Beauty came,
And as she slept, the cool'd his Flame:
The Folly charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

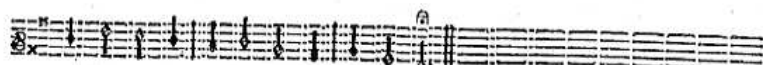
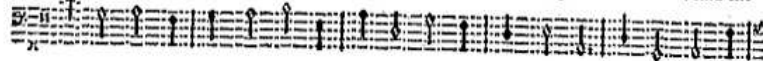
A. 2. 1007.



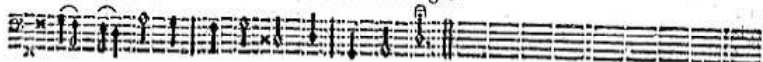
Appy is the Country life, blest with Content, good Health, and Ease,



Free from factious Noise and Strife, we on—ly Plot our selves to please: Peace of Mind the



Days delight, and Love our welcom Dream at Night.

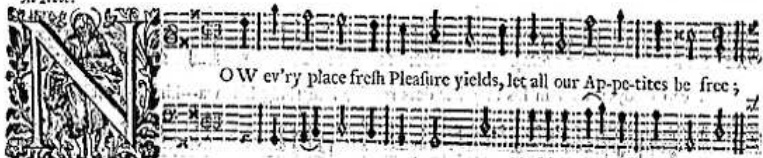


Mr. James Hart.

II.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is secure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A. 2. 1008.



Ow ev'ry place fresh Pleasure yields, let all our Ap-pe-tites be free;



let us en-joy the verdant Fields, this is Dame Nature's Ju-bi-lee.



Mr. James Hart.

II.

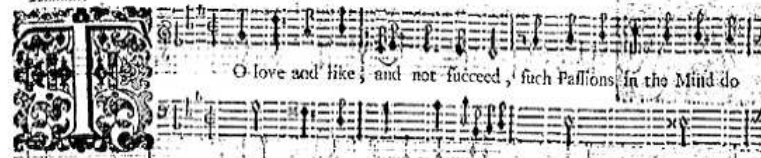
With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound we'll dance and sing;
So blithly will we pass the Hours
As to promote the growing Spring.

III.

The Sylvan Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,
Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice;
The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lanes,
Loudly in Echo's shall rejoice.

CORIDON and PHILLES, or the Cautious Lover.

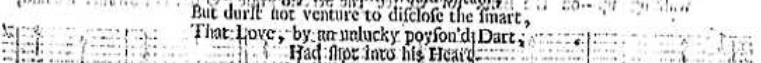
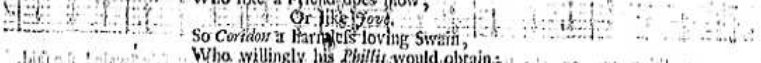
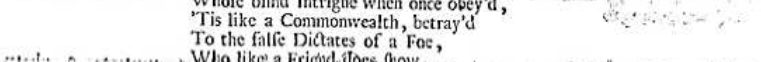
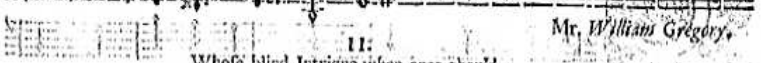
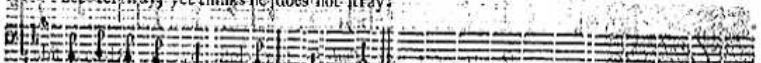
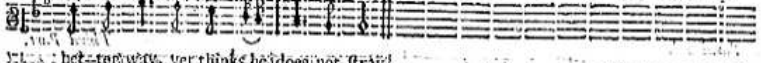
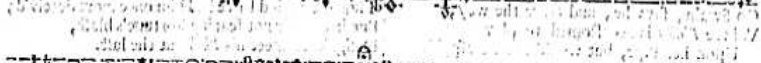
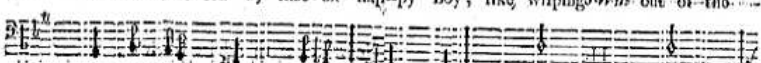
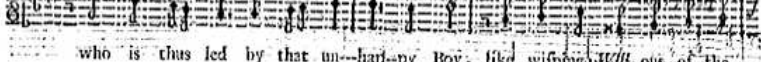
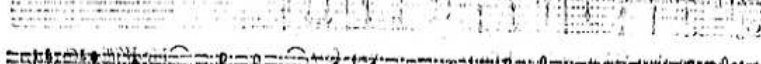
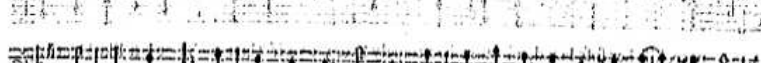
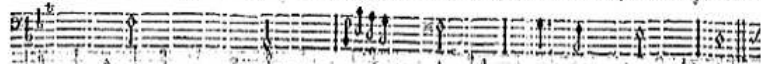
Alcain.



O love and like, and not succeed, such Passions in the Mind do



breed; that it depraves the no-blest part, en-slav-ing of the Heart, oh sad Love!



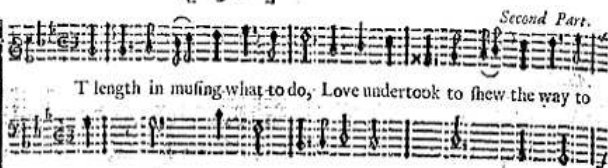
Mr. William Gregory.

II.

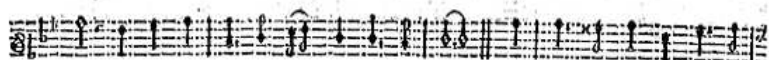
Whose blind Intrigue when once obey'd,
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd
To the false Dictates of a Fox,
Who like a Friend does show,
Or like a Foe.
So Coridon a harmless loving Swain,
Who willingly his Phillis would obtain,
But durst not venture to disclose the snare,
That Love, by an unlucky poison'd Dart,
Had shot into his Heart.

L.

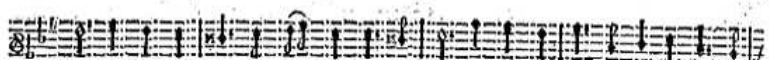
Cour. mt.



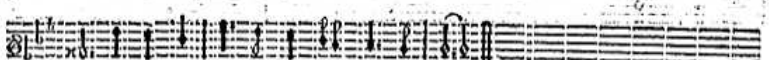
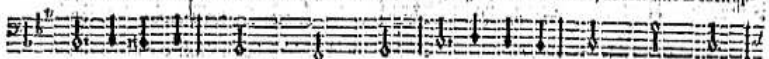
T length in musing what to do; Love undertook to shew the way to



woo; in nothing else can he di-rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly



pace, kiss her soft Hand, ad-mire her comely Face; dye if thou can'st, at last like Death hap-



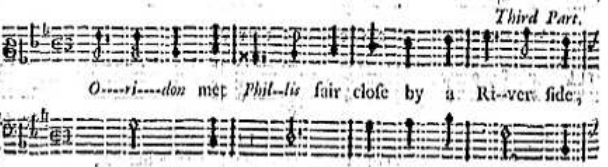
pear, then kiss a-gain and smile, and ne-ver fear.

Mr. William Gregory.

11.
Go Swain, says he, and trace the way,
Where *Phillis* is accustomed to play
Upon her Pipe, but would not be espy'd.

He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;
But in despair not fearing Fortune's blast,
Design'd to meet his *Phillis* at the last.

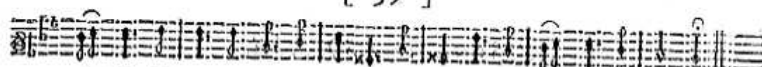
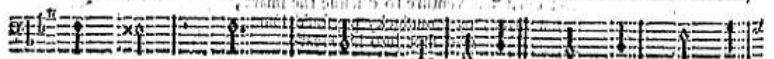
Saraband.



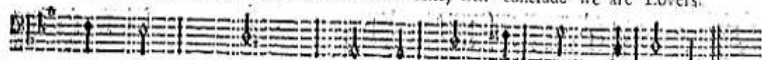
O---ri---don met *Phillis* fair close by a Ri-ver side;



walking up-on the Bank for to see the Stream glide: O but fair Swain! she said,



who e're dis-co-vers that we walk thus a-lone, will conclude we are Lovers.

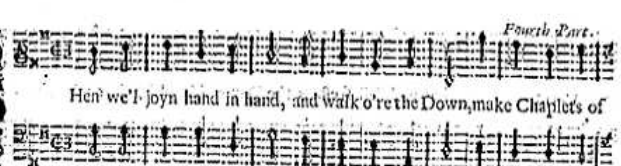


Mr. William Gregory.

11.
She blush'd, he smiling said, well met my dearest Dear,
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet such joys here;
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;
But if Truth once appear, sure it cannot be sham'd.

111.
If *Coridon* should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his *Phillis* fond, and her Passions should reveal;
Unhappy she'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beside,
To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

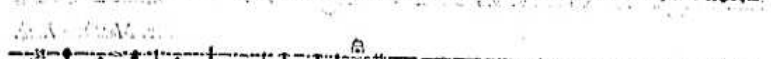
IV.
Let not fair *Phillis* fear, false Thoughts dare enter
Into this Brest of mine, where true Love has his Center;
For could I suspect any false conclusion,
I would first tell my Nymph, that my Ends were delusion.



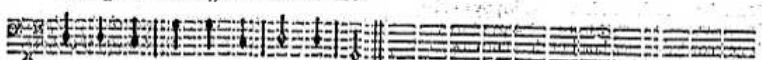
Hen we'll joyn hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chaplets of



Ro-ses our Heads to crown: The Ci-ty may boast of her rich At-tire, that's



nothing to lo-ving with true de-sire.



Mr. William Gregory.

11.
Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell,
Our Rural Delights shall please us as well;
No Jealousie here shall disturb our Minds,
While we sing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

111.
When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,
The Rich and the Great may therein have share;

But we in our Love from that shall be free,
And none shall more happily live than we.

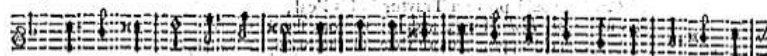
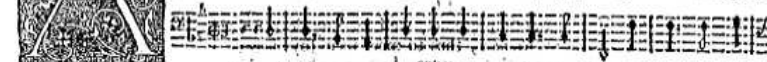
IV.
When thou with thy Pipe shalt good Musick make,
Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;
And thus will we spend the day in Delight;
And be no less pleasant when it is night.

A SONG in PSYCHE.

A. 2. 100.



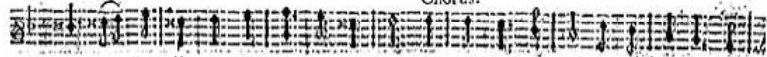
LL joy to fair *Psyche* in this hap-py place, and to our great



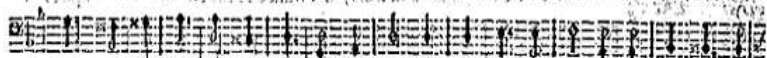
Master who her shall embrace; may never his Love nor her Beau-ty de--cay, but be



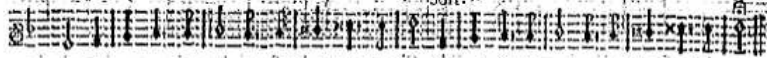
Chorus.



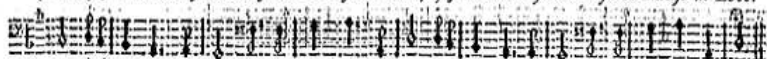
warm as the Spring, and still fresh as the Day: No Mortals on Earth e--er wretched could



Soft.



prove, if still while they liv'd they'd be al-ways in Love, if still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.



Mr. Matthew Lock.

II.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we;
The knowledge Men boast of does nothing but vex,
And their wand'ring Reason their Minds do perplex.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

III.

Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights,
But were he still pester'd with Cares & with Frights,

Should a thousand more Troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

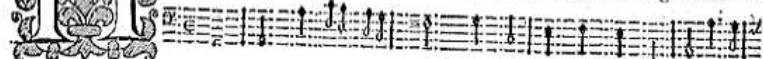
IV.

Then lose not a Moment, but in pleasure employ it,
For a Moment once lost will always be so;
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And push on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

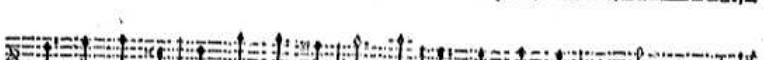
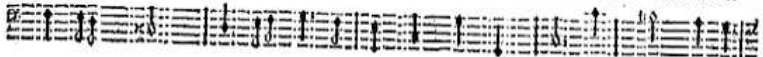
Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.



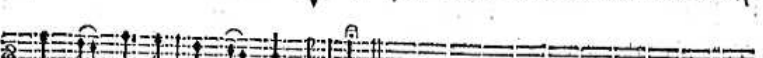
OW long d'ye mean to torture me, in Love's hot scorching Flame? Clo-



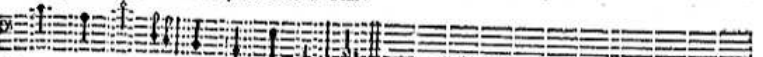
ris, what time shall I get free, from Love's fan--ta--stic Dreams? Never that sad In-



fer-nal sound, does dai-ly reach mine Ear; and e--ver racks that bleeding Wound, which



for your sake, which for your sake I bear.



II.

That I do love, *Cloris*, you know,
My Grief to you I tell;
My over-fondness of you, shows
That I have lov'd too well:
And in requital of my Love,
You blast me with a breath;
The wounds you gave will fatal prove,
Each frown pronounce, each frown pronouncing

III.

It grieves my Heart to see you chuse
My Rival in my room;
And unconcern'd tell him the news,
On me you've past your Doom.
My injur'd Ghost when e're I dye,
Shall never let you rest;
But hovering in the Air shall fly,
And steal, and steal into your Breast.

IV.

Thus I torment my self, and doubt,
That you unconstant are;
You know true Love is ne're without
Great jealousies and Fears.

Then pardon the distracted Thoughts,
Of one you know is true;
One Love has in subjection brought,
And made a Slave, and made a Slave to you:

V.

If you have any pity left,
Then shew it now, and save
Him who despairs of finding rest,
And don't you dig my Grave:
For if I dye through your neglect,
Pray write this on my Tomb;
My Judge being fair, I did expect
A favourable, a favourable Doom.

VI.

And since you did my Woes procure,
I'll try if Torments can
Increase my Flame, or help to cure
A Love-distracted Man.
I'll find some sure, yet speedy way,
To end my Misery;
Too long my Ruine I delay,
And yet seem loth, and yet seem loth to dye.

VII.

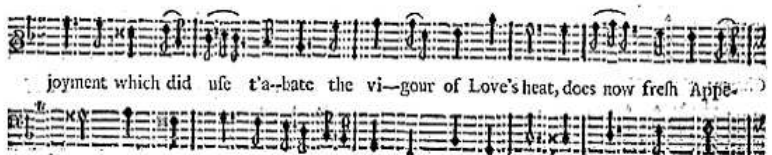
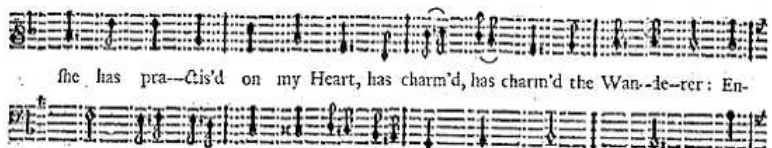
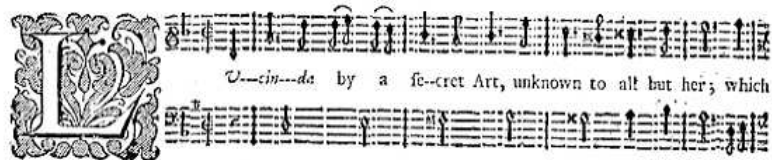
I'll place my self on *Caucasus*,
And there I'll lend such Groans,
Shall scare the damn'd *Phonians*,
With my sad frightful Tones.
I'll make the Vultures quit their Prey,
And feed upon my Breast;
For through this means perhaps I may
Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Rest.

M

A SONG upon a Ground.

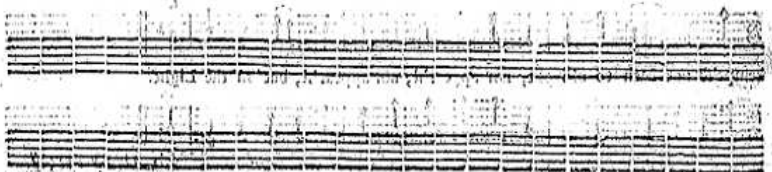
S HE loves, and she con-*sef*---ses too, there's then at
 last no more to do; the hap-*py* Work's en-*ti*re-ly done, en-*ter* the
 Town w^h thou hast won: The fruits of Conquest now, now, now begin, *I-e*, Tri-
 umph, en-*ter* in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re-
 mains there still an *E-ne-my*! Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate, and would yet ca-
 pi-*tu*-late. Have I o'ercome all *re*---al Foes, and shall this Phantom me op-
 pose?

Noi-*sy* nothing stalking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou
 made, thou emp-*ty* cause of so-*lid* Harms? But I shall find out Counter
 Charms, thy Ai-*ry* Devilship to remove, from this Cir-*cle* here of
 Love: Sure I shall rid my self of thee, by the Night's ob-*scu*-ri-ty, and ob-
 scu-*rer* se-*cre*-cy. Un-*like* to ev-*ry* o-*ther* Spright, thou at-
 tempt'st not Men to affright, nor appear'st, nor appear'st, but in the Light.
 Mr. Henry Purcell.

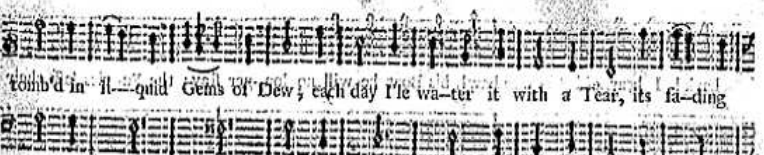
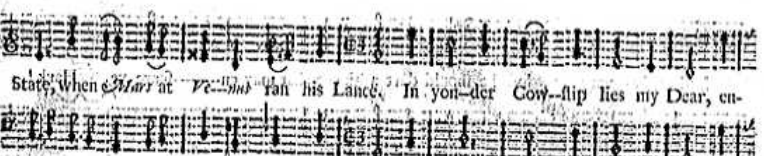
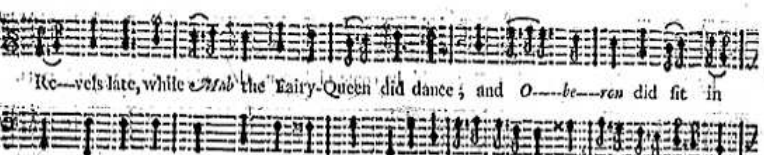
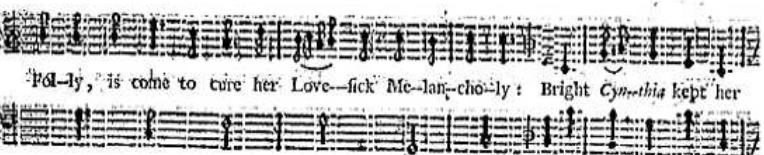
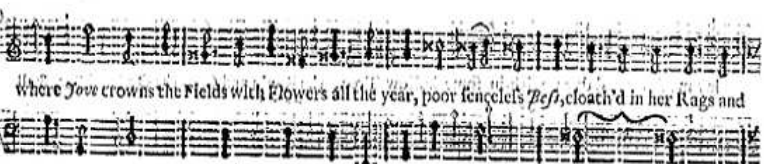
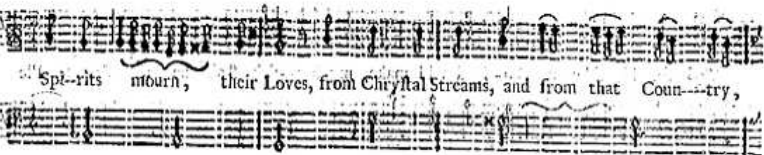
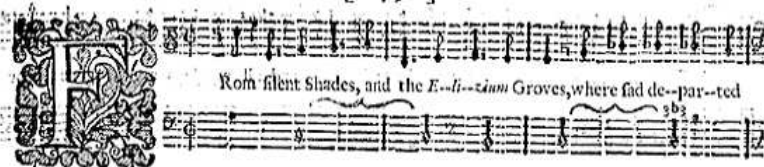


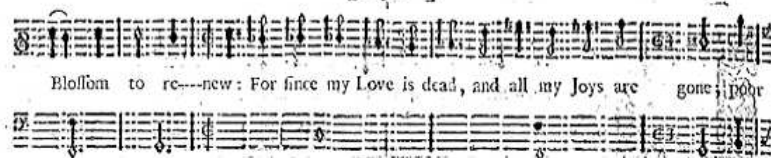
II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At first his Prison how to brook,
With difficulty's taught;
But with kind tender usage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e're he found abroad.

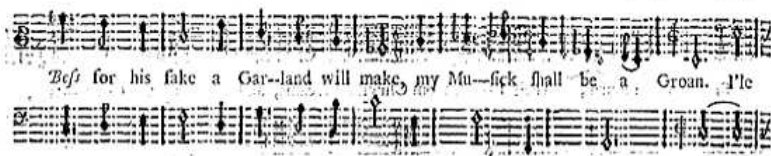


Bells of Bedlam.

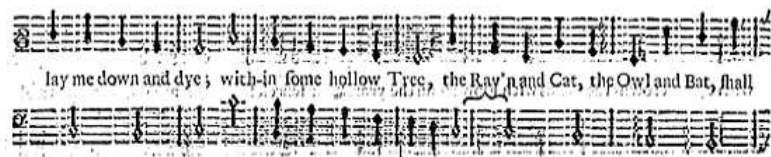




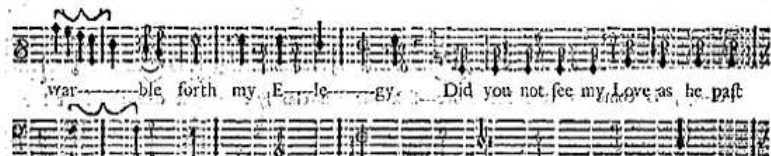
Blossom to re--new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone, poor



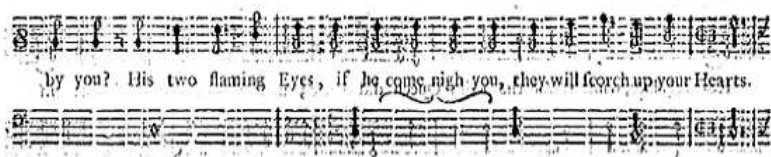
Best for his sake a Gar-land will make, my Mu--sic shall be a Groan. I'll



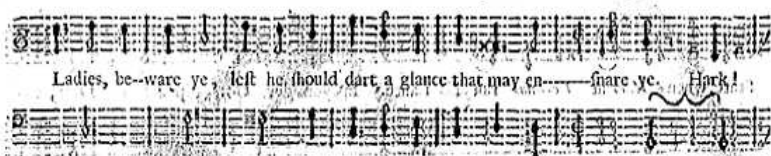
lay me down and dye; with-in some hollow Tree, the Ray and Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall



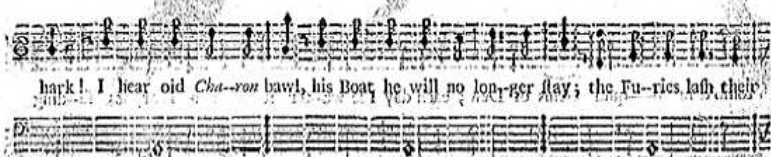
war--ble forth my E--le--gy. Did you not see my Love as he past



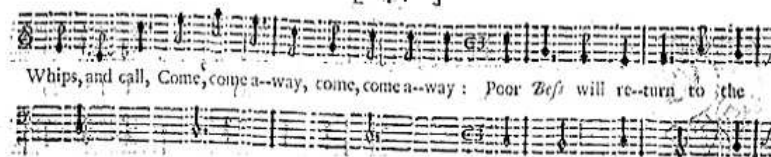
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts.



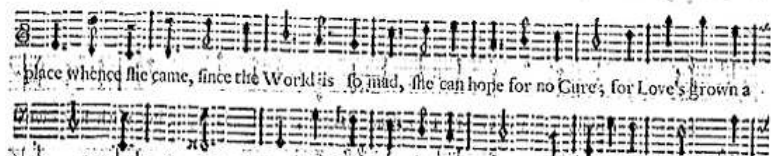
Ladies, be--ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en--snare ye. Hark!



Hark! I hear old *Cha-ron* bawl, his Boat he will no lon-ger stay; the Fu--ries lash their



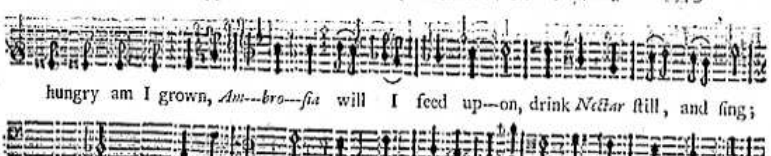
Whips, and call, Come, come a-way, come, come a-way: Poor *Best* will re--turn to the



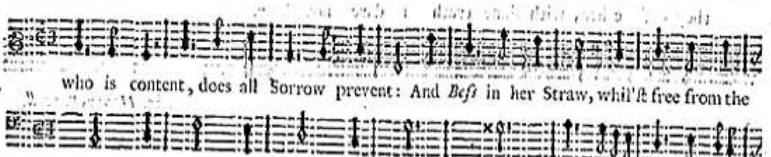
place whered she came, since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure; for Love's grown a



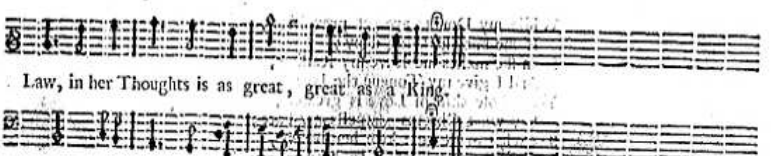
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wise Men en--dure. Cold and



hungry am I grown, *Am--bro--sia* will I feed up--on, drink *Nectar* still, and sing;



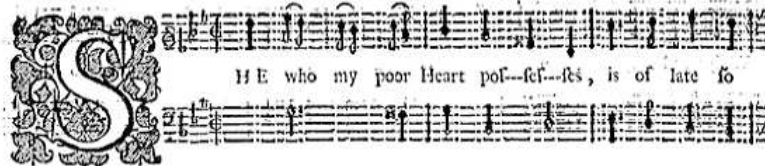
who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Best* in her Straw, whil't free from the



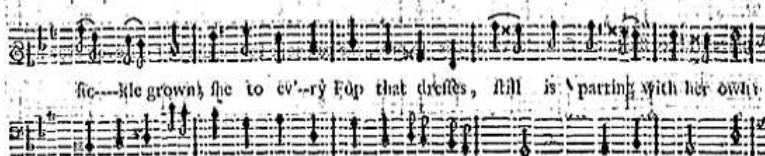
Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

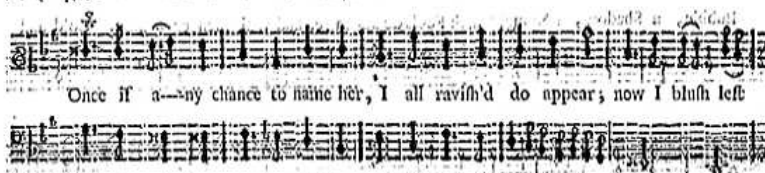




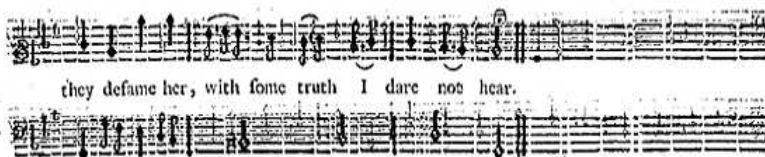
HE who my poor Heart pos-ses-ses, is of late so



he—ble grown; he to ev'ry Fop that dresses, still is parring with her own



Once if a—ny chance to name her, I all ravish'd do appear; now I blush lest



they defame her, with some truth I dare not hear.

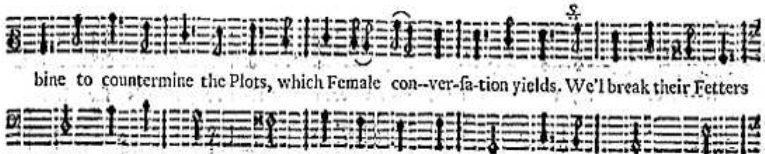
Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

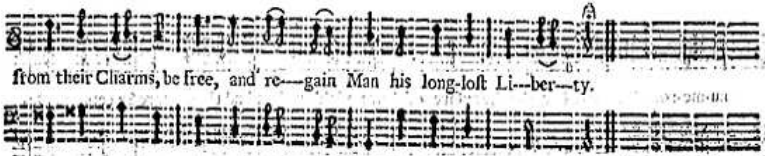
While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
If she but the thing deny;
Soon she makes me leave my Railing,
And I give my Tongue the lye:
You whose skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charms compells my Fate;
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom I fear I ought to hate.



One dear Com-panions of th' Ar-ca-dian Fields, let us com-



bine to counterme the Plots, which Female con-ver-sation yields. We'll break their Fetters



from their Charms, be free, and re—gain Man his long-lost Li—ber—ty.

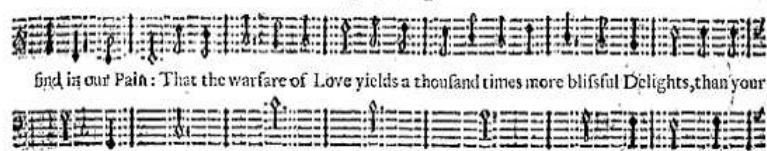
III.

Beauty your Empire now is in its wain,
We'll never more
Your Shrines adore,
Since you delight t' associate with disdain:
Had you been kind, we would have worship'd still,
But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

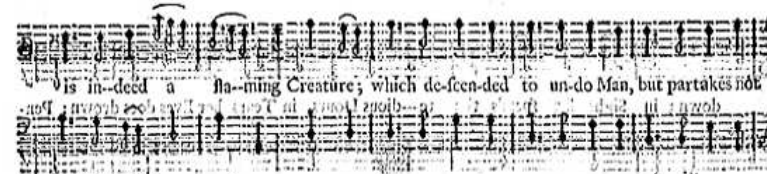
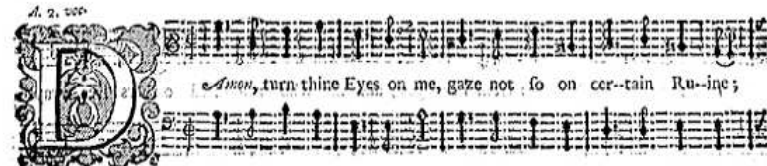
III.

So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
Themselves abuse,
And Power lose,
Their strength depending on their Subjects love:
For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
All hate that Government that's too severe.





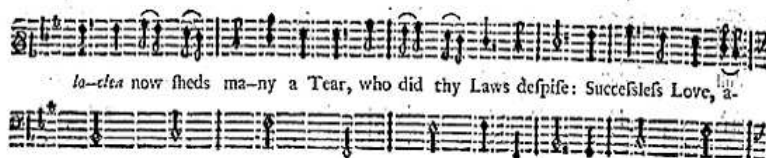
Mr. Henry Purcell.



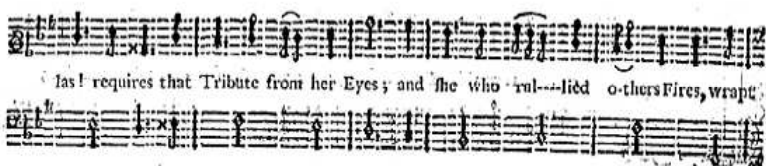
Mr. William Turner.



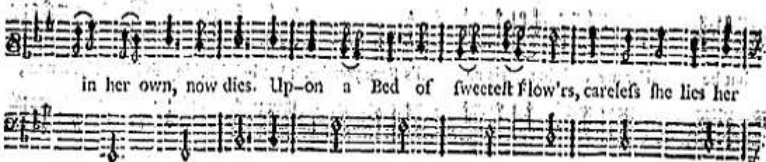
H Love! how just and how se-vere thy mighty Godhead is? Phi-



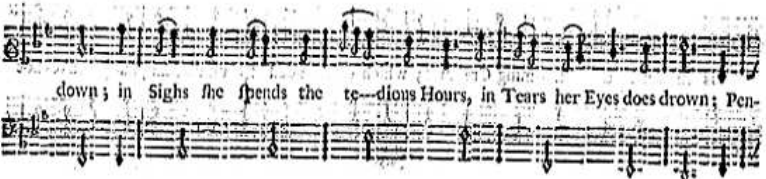
la-eta now sheds ma-ny a Tear, who did thy Laws despise: Successless Love, a-



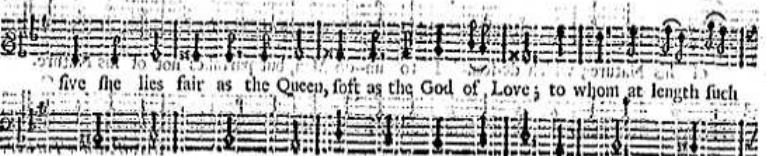
las! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and she who rul--lied o--thers Fires, wrap-



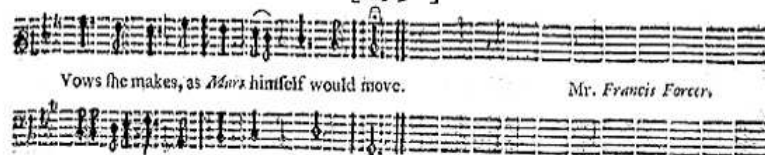
in her own, now dies. Up-on a Bed of sweetest flow'rs, careless she lies her



down; in Sighs she spends the re--dious Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown; Pen-



sive she lies fair as the Queen, soft as the God of Love; to whom at length such



Vows she makes, as *Mars* himself would move.

Mr. Francis Forcer,

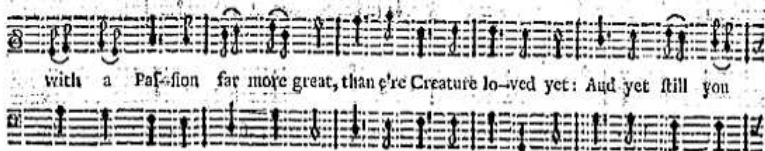
II.
Spare, O spare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
Till by a faithless Swain betray'd,
In vain she did Adore:
Encrease these flames, that soon they may
This wretched Frame consume;
And not to torment by delay,
But quickly seal my Doom.

III.
Or if for past Offences,
Must linger out my days
In Torments constant, 'till I dye,
The Murderer I'll praise:
Deaf to my Vows, false to his own,
Perjur'd although he be,
Yet patiently I still submit,
To suffer Heaven and thee.

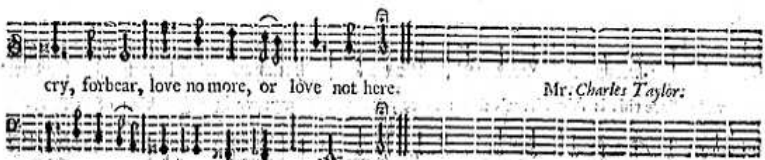
A. 2. 100.



OU I love by all that's true, more than all things here below,



with a Pas-sion far more great, than e're Creature lo-ved yet: And yet still you

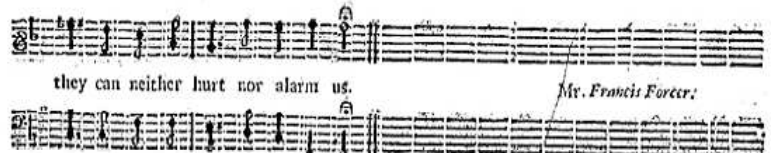
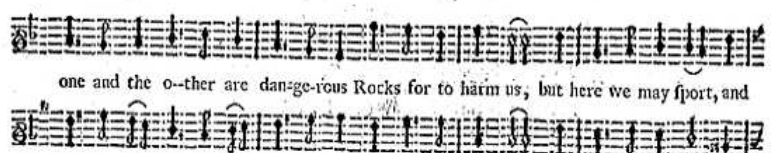
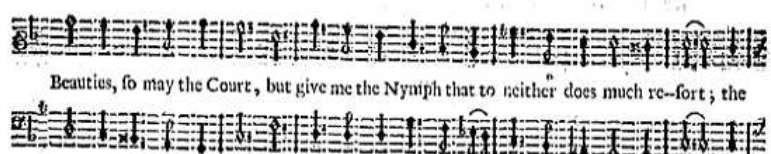
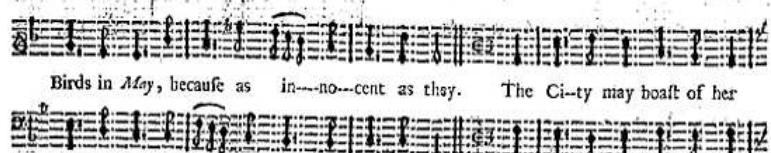
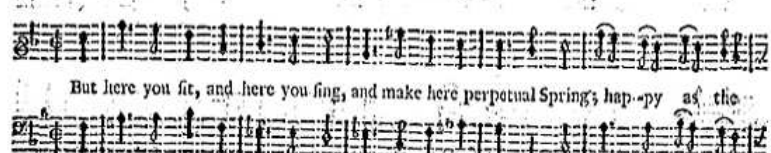
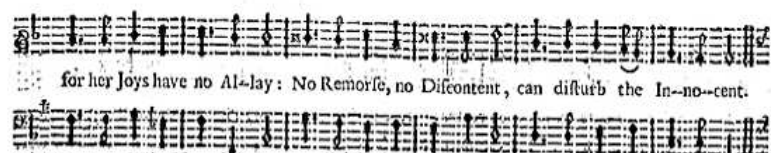
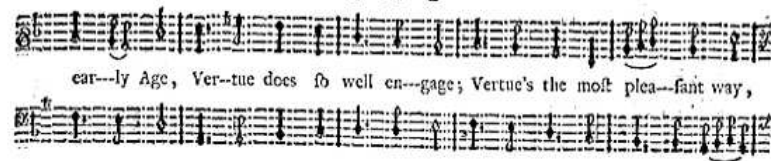
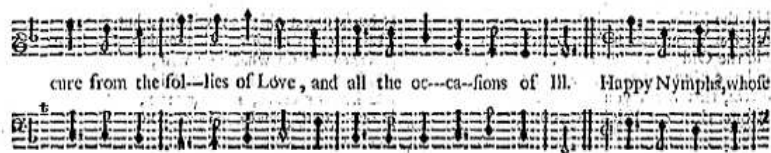
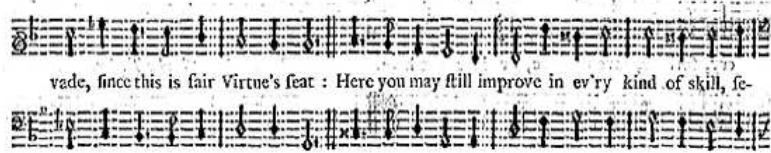
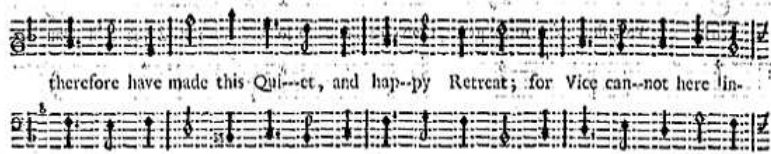
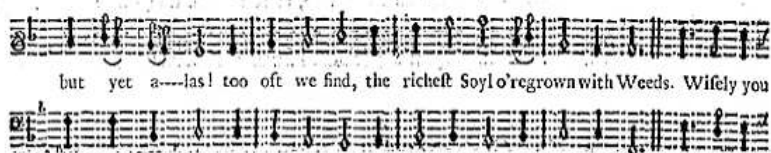
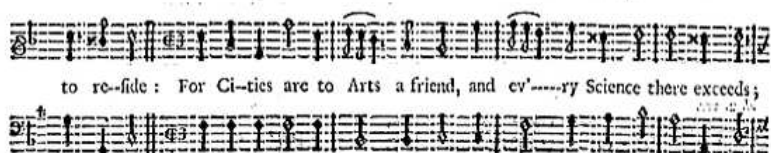
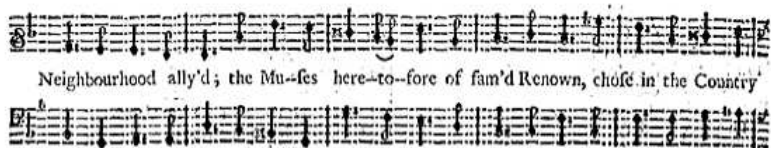
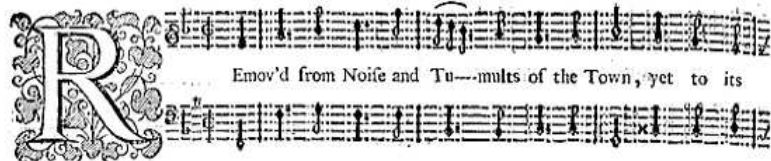


cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here.

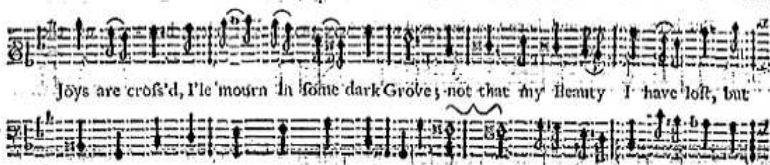
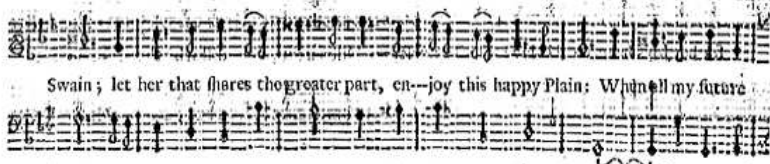
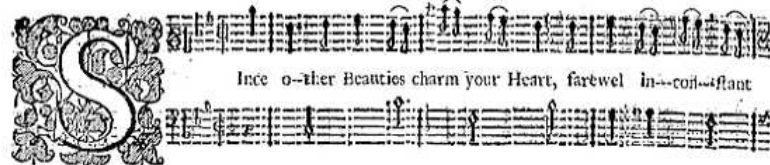
Mr. Charles Taylor.

II.
Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylva, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

III.
Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylva then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

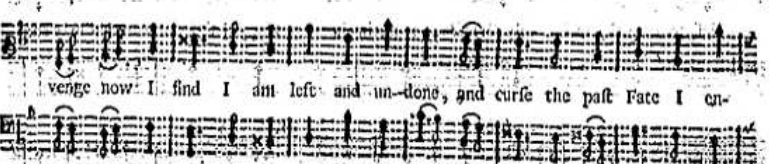
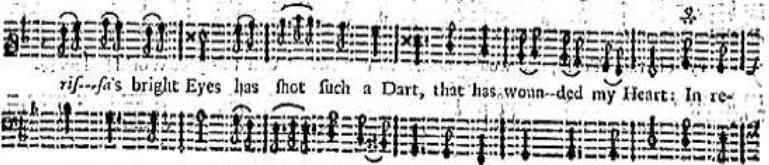
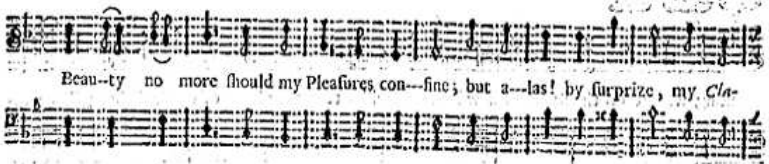
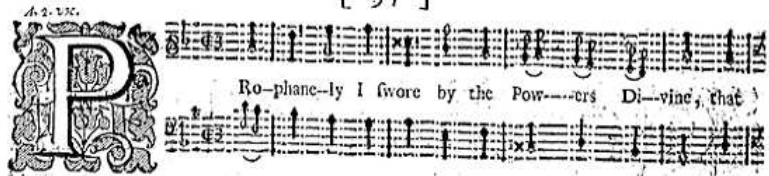


Mr. Francis Forester;



II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,
And wrap my Body round;
I'll gather Leaves to make my Bed
Upon the mossy Ground:
To every Spring and echoing Grove,
My mournful Song shall be,
Beauty was thrown away (for Love),
On vain Inconstancy.

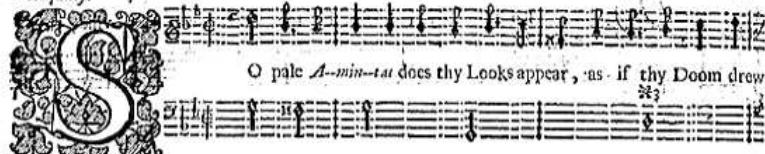


Mr. Charles Taylor.

If,
But Love, like the Brave, no sooner subdu'd
His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd
Such excesses of Joy,
My Fears to destroy:
Now in Freedom I reign,
All proud of my Pain;
Such Raptures of Bliss my Senses persuade,
'Tis in love, 'tis in love, our Pleasures we've made.

A DIALOGUE between Daphney and Amintas.

Daphney.



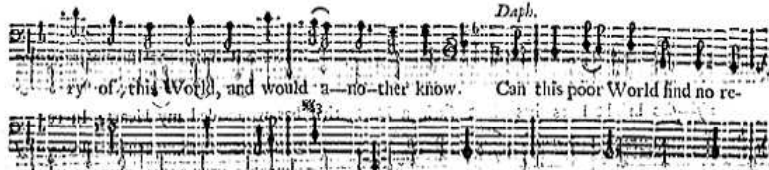
O pale A-min-ta! does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom drew

Amintas.

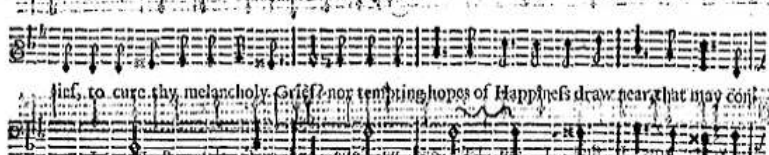


near; whence do thy Sorrows flow? From Discontent, the plague of Pow'rs below; I'm wea-

Daph.



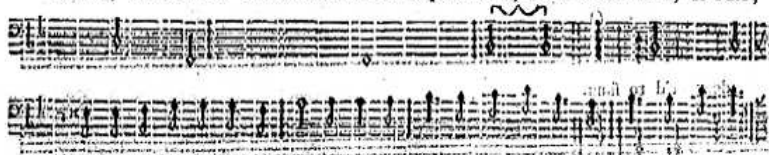
ry of this World, and would a no-ther know. Can this poor World find no re-



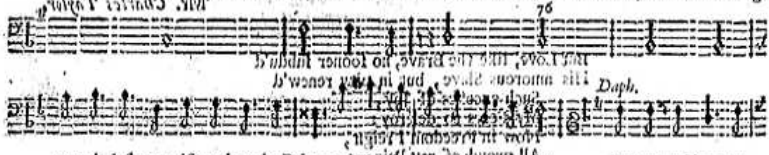
lief, to cure thy melancholy Grief? nor tempting hopes of Happiness draw near, that may con-



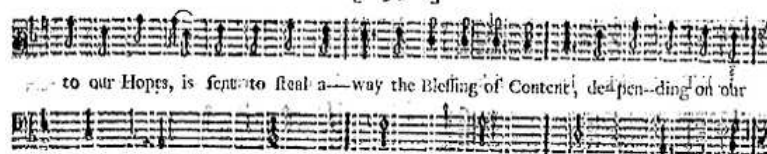
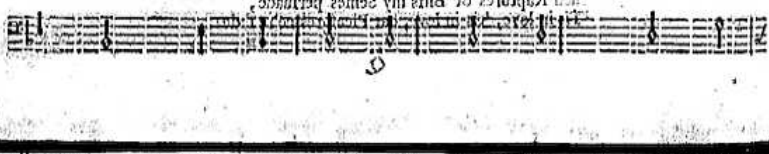
tain thy Wishes here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot-te-ry of Fate,



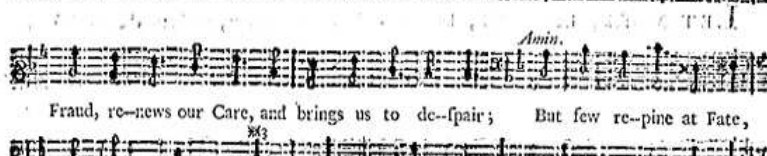
where Fortune blindly does bestow, Favours on him to whom she ne'er did owe; where Fondlings



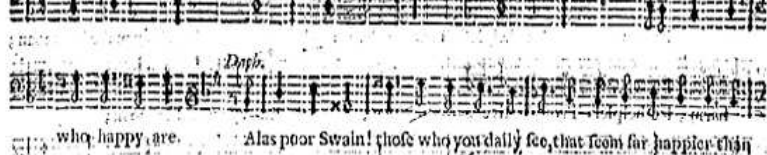
me-rit-less as wife, enjoy the Prize, and Fate her ill-quali-ty denies. Fortune a Cheat un-



to our Hopes, is sent to steal a—way the Blessing of Content, deapen—ding on our



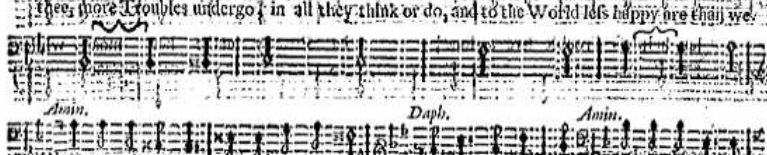
Fraud, re-news our Care, and brings us to de—spair; But few re—pine at Fate,



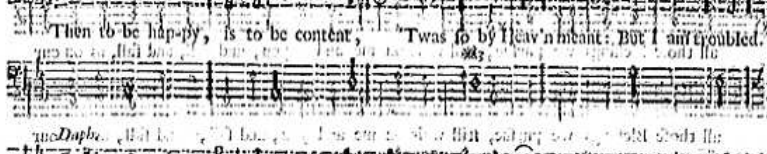
who happy are. Alas poor Swain! those who you daily see, that seem far happier than



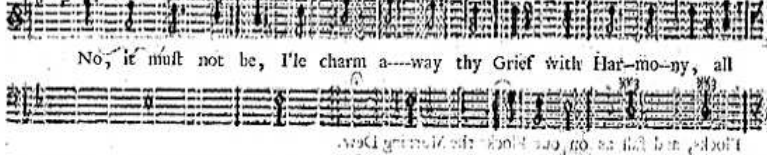
these, more Troubles undergo; in all they think or do, and to the World less happy are than we.



Then to be hap-py, is to be content, 'Twas so by Heav'n meant: But I am troubled.

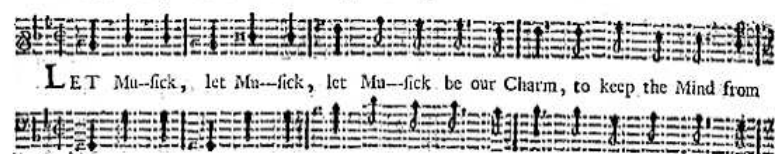


No, it must not be, I'll charm a—way thy Grief with Har-mo—ny, all

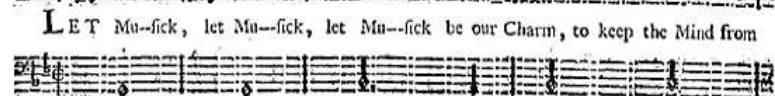


Trouble must be banish'd hence: When Daphney try thy In-flu-ence.





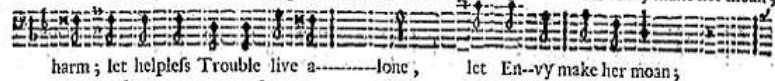
LET Mu--sick, let Mu--sick, let Mu--sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from



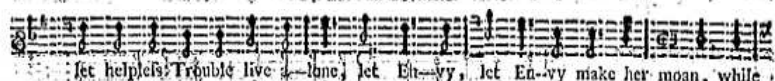
LET Mu--sick, let Mu--sick, let Mu--sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from



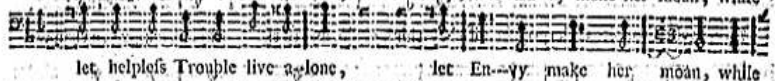
harm; let helpless Trouble live a--lone, let Envy make her moan;



harm; let helpless Trouble live a--lone, let En-vy make her moan;



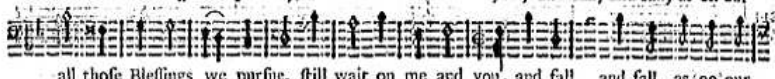
let helpless Trouble live a--lone, let En-vy, let En-vy make her moan, while



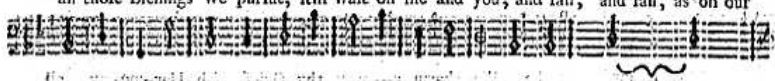
let helpless Trouble live a--lone, let En-vy make her moan, while



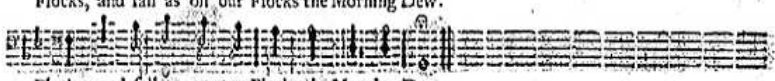
all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our



all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our



Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.



Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

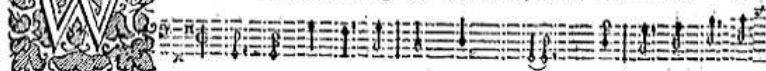


Isaac Blackwell.

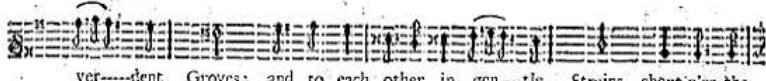
A. 2. VOC. Cantus & Basses.



Hillt our Flocks feed up--on the Plains, let us re--tire to



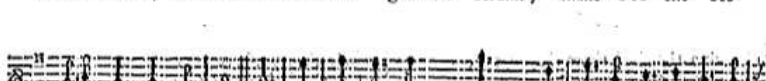
Hillt our Flocks feed up--on the Plains, let us re--tire to



ver--dent Groves; and to each other in gen--tle Strains, chant o're the



verdant Groves, and to each o--ther in gen--tle Strains, chant o're the Sto-



Sto--ry of our Love. There Heav'n will di--spence such mystick Influence up--



ry of our Love. There Heav'n will dispence such mystick Influence up--on thy



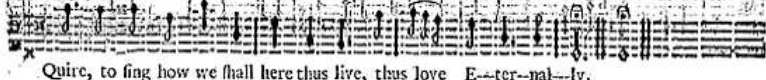
on thy Lyre, as shall in--spire all the Psaphonick Quire, to



Lyre, as shall in--spire all the Psaphonick Quire, all the Psaphonick



sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E--ter--nal--ly. *Mr. J. Hart.*



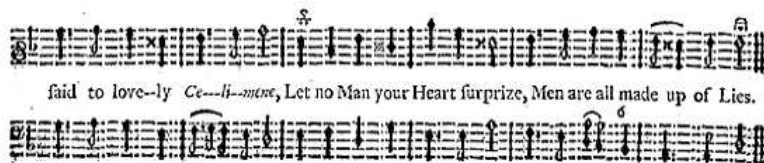
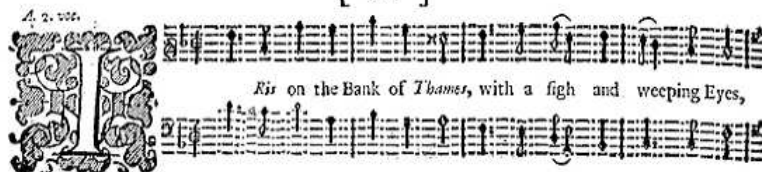
Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E--ter--nal--ly.



There the Winds shall in Comfort blow,
And warmer on the Leaves a Breeze,
Whilst the glad Druids in Dance below,
Singing shall sanctify the place.

There each hollow Tree
An Organ-Pipe shall be,
And from their Womb
Such sounds shall come,
As to persuade the World, that Oaks may be
Enchanted with our softer Harmony.

R



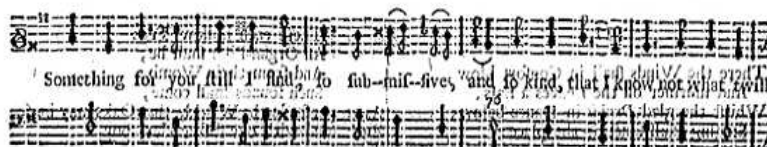
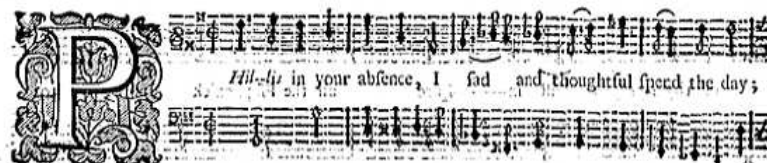
Tho. Tudway.

II.

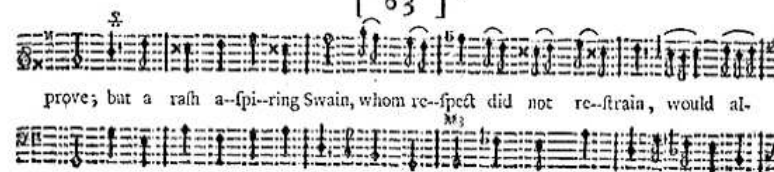
Though a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they say is common Air,
All they promise but Deceit,
None were ever constant yet.

III.

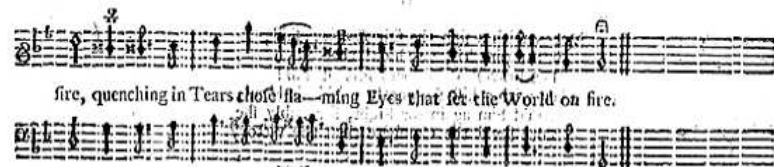
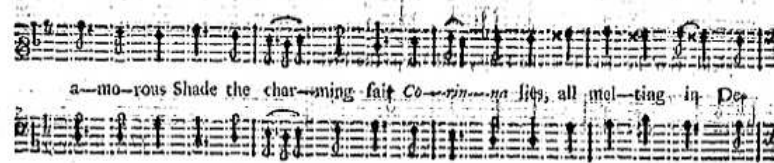
Wisely then preserve your Heart
From such Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.



R



Tho. Tudway.



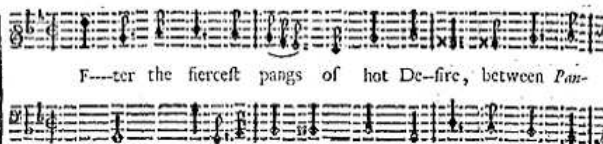
Tho. Tudway.

II.

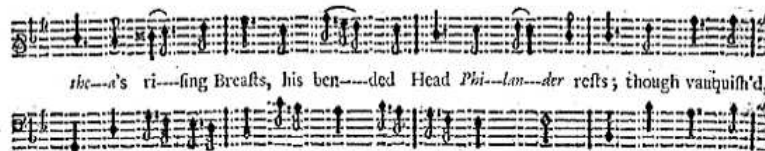
What cannot Tears and Beauty do? so when the Heavens serene and clear,
The Youth by chance stood by, and known as Gilded with gaydy Light appear,
For whom those Chrysal Streams did flow, as dark craggy Rock, and ev'ry Stone
And though he ne're before, and so soon don Their active Rigour keep,
To her Eyes brightest Rays did show, as when the Clouds fall down,
Weeps to, and does all, and how the Marble weep.

III.

R 2



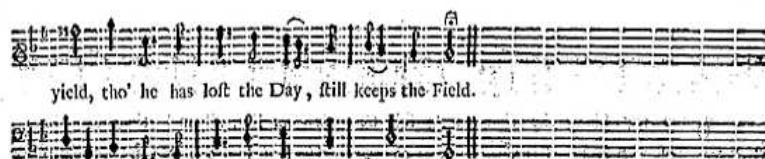
F---ter the fiercest pangs of hot De-fire, between Pan-



the--a's ri--sing Breasts, his ben--ded Head Phi--lan--der rests; though vanquish'd,



yet un-know--ing to re--tire, close hugs the Charmer, and a-sham'd to



yield, tho' he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

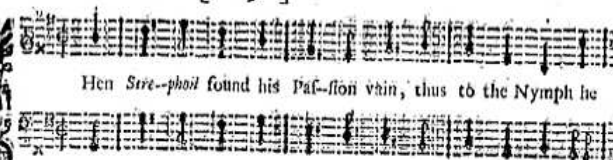
Tho. Tallow.

II.

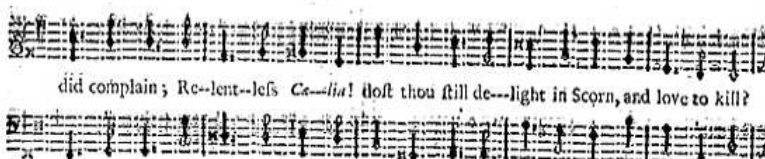
When with a sigh the fair *Ranthea* said:
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
The bravest Warriors' founts fall!
Then with a kiss she gently rais'd his Head,
Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

III.

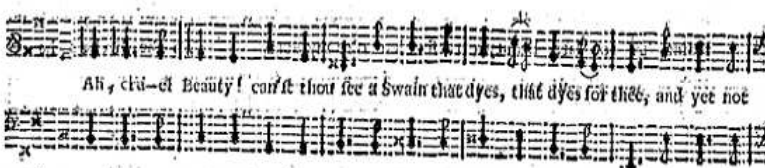
Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War,
Not ceases till the noble Prize he bore;
By'n her such wondrous Courage did surprise,
She judges the Dart that wounded her; and dyes.



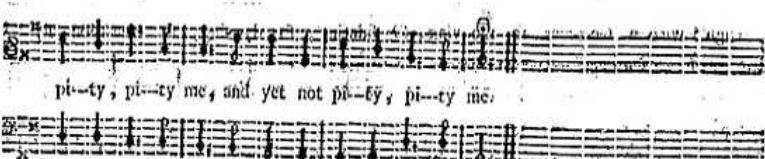
Hen Str--phail found his Pas--sion vain, thus to the Nymph he



did complain; Re-lent--less Ca--lia! dost thou still de--light in Scorn, and love to kill?



Ah, ch--el Beauty! canst thou see a Swain that dyes, that dyes for thee; and yet not



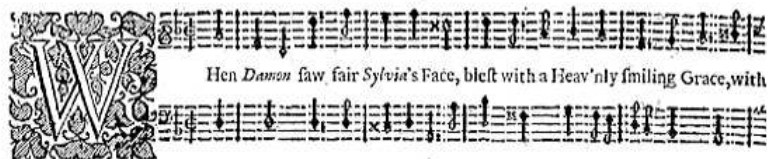
pi--ty, pi--ty me, and yet not pi--ty, pi--ty me.

Henry Purcell.

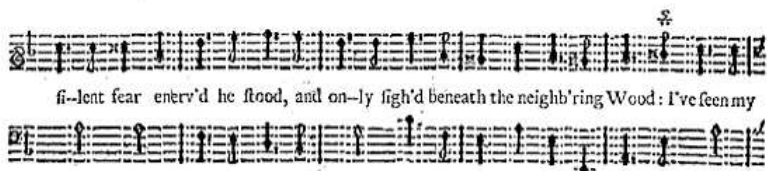
II.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;
The sad effects of your Disdain;
Canst thou behold this Purple Flood,
And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?
Now, now at last more kind appear,
Grim Death I do not, do not fear!
But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:
But oh! &c.

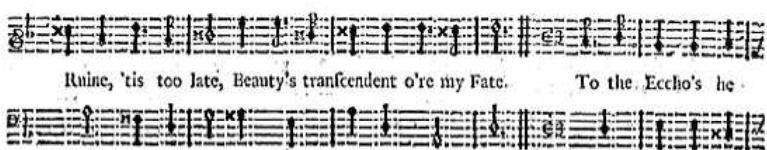




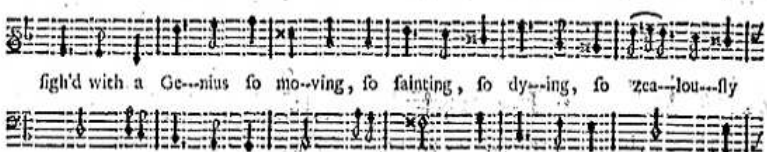
When *Damon* saw fair *Sylvia's* Face, blest with a Heav'nly smiling Grace, with



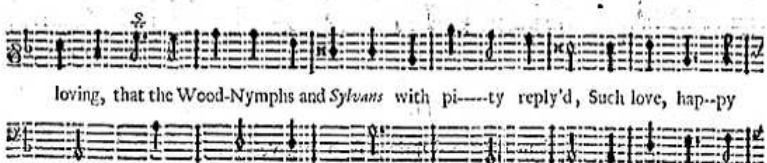
fi-lent fear enerv'd he stood, and on-ly sigh'd beneath the neighb'ring Wood: I've seen my



Ruine, 'tis too late, Beauty's transcendent o're my Fate. To the Echo's he



sigh'd with a Ge-nius so mo-ving, so fainting, so dy-ing, so zea-lou-sly



loving, that the Wood-Nymphs and *Sylvans* with pi-ty reply'd, Such love, hap-py

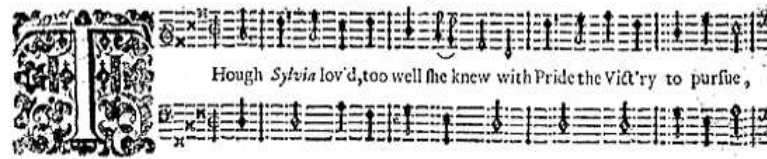


Damon, can ne're be de-ny'd.

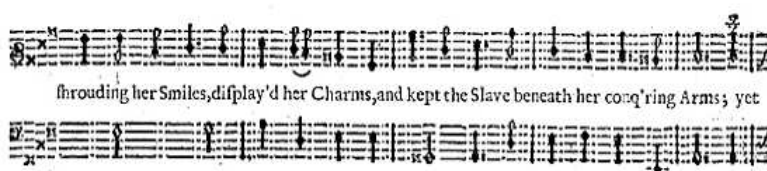
Isaac Blackwell.

Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,
With Fruits and Flow'rs her Pow'r adores,
His fearful Tongue scarce Love implies,
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:
Yet oft a Sigh or Blush do show
What he would, would not have her know.

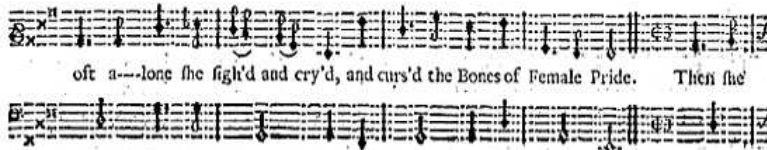
When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains
Repeating his Cares to the sigh-giving Mountains,
All the Wood-Nymphs and *Sylvans* with pity reply'd,
Such Love, happy *Damon*, can ne're be deny'd.



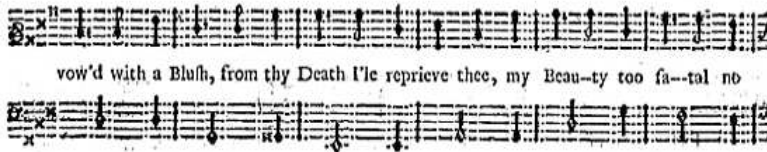
Hough *Sylvia* lov'd, too well she knew with Pride the Vic't'ry to pursue,



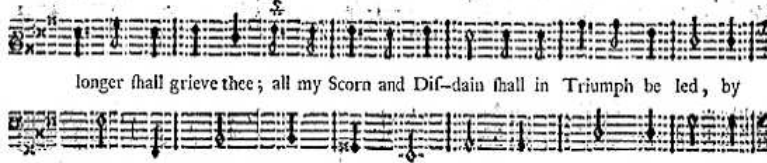
shrouding her Smiles, display'd her Charms, and kept the Slave beneath her conq'ring Arms; yet



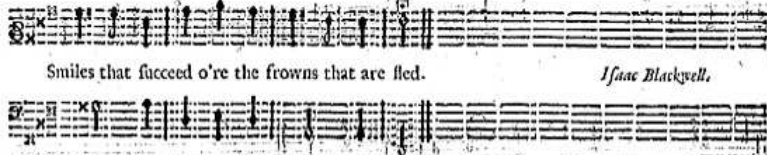
oft a--long she sigh'd and cry'd, and curs'd the Bones of Female Pride. Then she



vow'd with a Blush, from thy Death I'll reprieve thee, my Beau-ty too fa-tal no



longer shall grieve thee; all my Scorn and Dis-dain shall in Triumph be led, by



Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

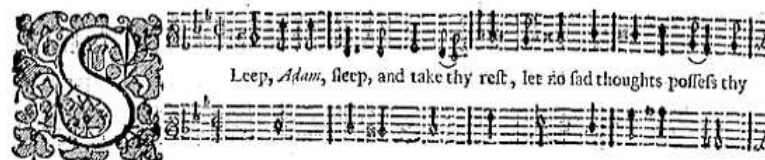
Isaac Blackwell.

Thus blest beneath cool Myrtles, they
Youth's flow'ry Vernal pass away;
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
And point their Darts at their enflam'd Desires:
The Flow'rs spring up where *Sylvia* moves,
And Birds still forebode the Groves.

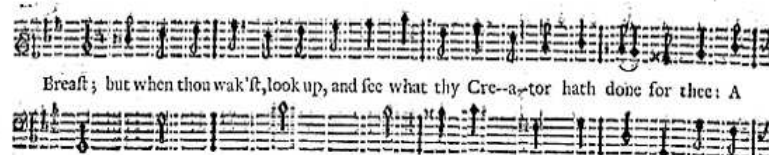
So may *Sylvia* live long, and so happy be ever,
The Sunshine of Love let not jealousie sever;
When all hate, fear, & scorn, shall in triumph be led,
By Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

Adam's Sleep.

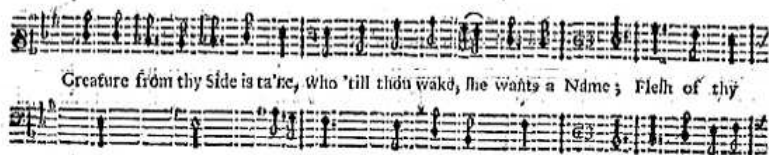
[68]



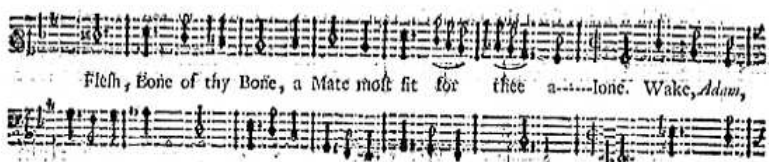
leep, *Adam*, sleep, and take thy rest, let no sad thoughts possess thy



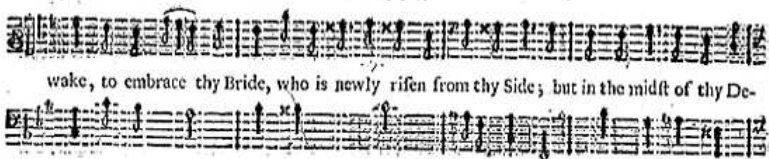
Breast; but when thou wak'st, look up, and see what thy Cre-a-tor hath done for thee: A



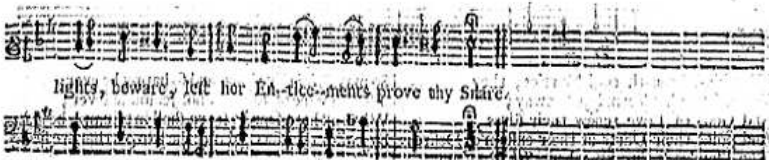
Creature from thy Side is ta'en, Who 'till thou wak'd, he wants a Name; Flesh of thy



Flesh, Bone of thy Bone, a Mate most fit for thee a-lone. Wake, *Adam*,



wake, to embrace thy Bride, who is newly risen from thy Side; but in the midst of thy De-

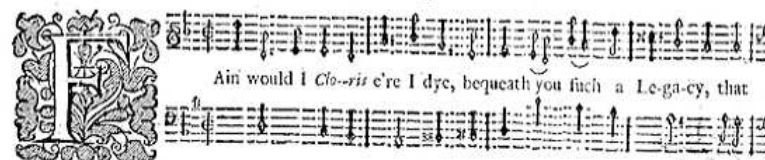


lights, beware, lest her En-ty-mes prove thy Share.

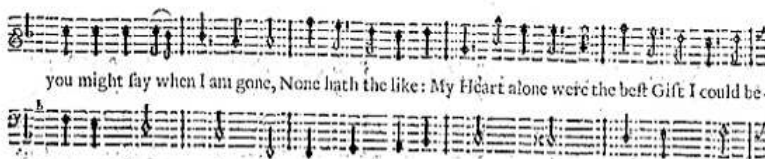
By Mrs. Henry Farwell.

[69]

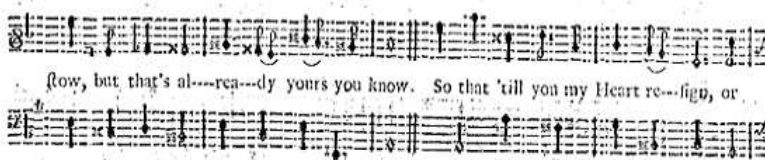
333



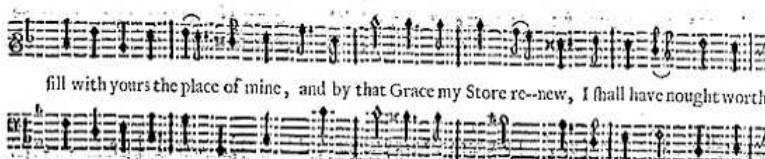
Ain would I Clo--se e're I dye, bequeath you such a Le-ga-cy, that



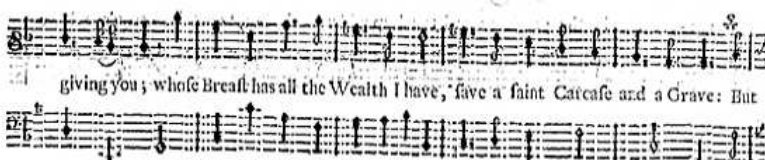
you might say when I am gone, None hath the like: My Heart alone were the best Gift I could be-



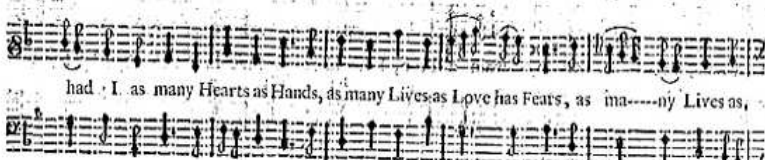
low, but that's al--rea--dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re--sign, or



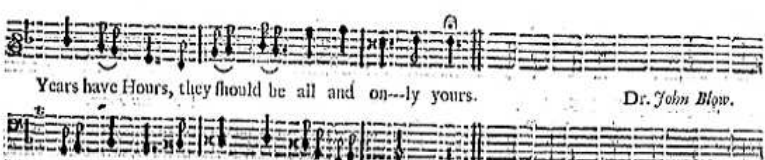
fill with yours the place of mine, and by that Grace my Store re--new, I shall have nought worth



giving you; whose Breast has all the Wealth I have, save a faint Catcase and a Grave: But



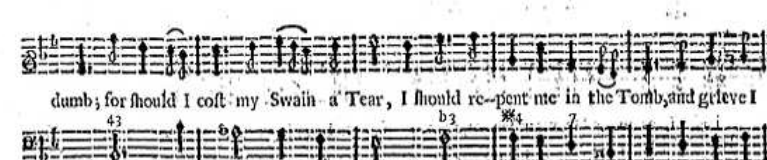
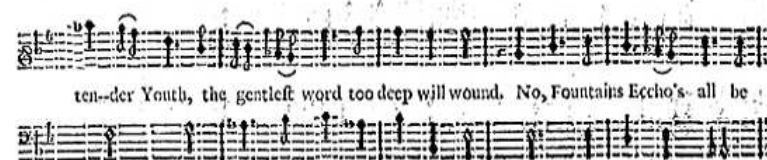
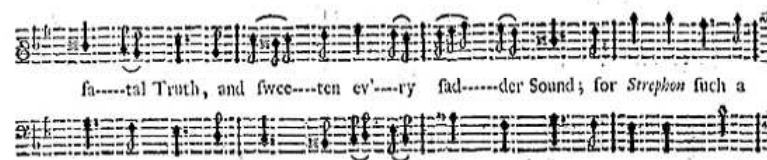
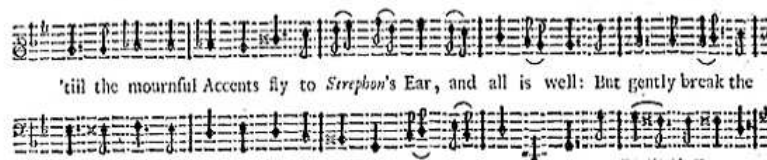
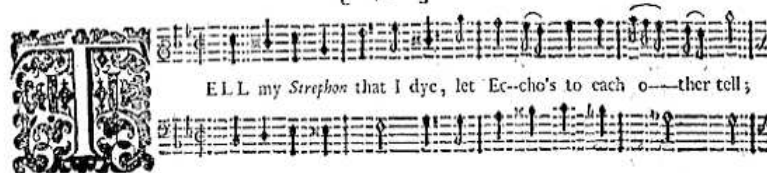
had I as many Hearts as Hands, as many Lives as Love has Fears, as ma--ny Lives as,



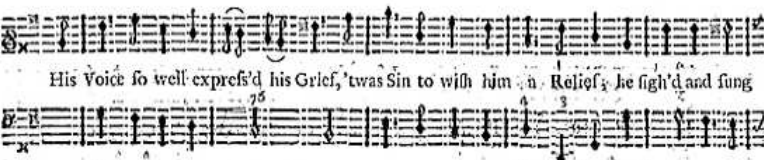
Years have Hours, they should be all and on--ly yours.

Dr. John Blow.

T



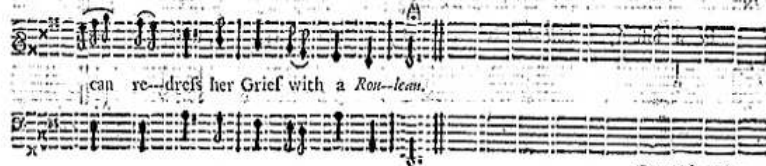
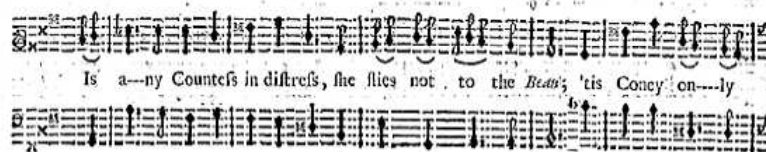
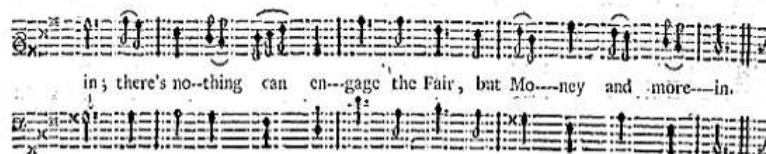
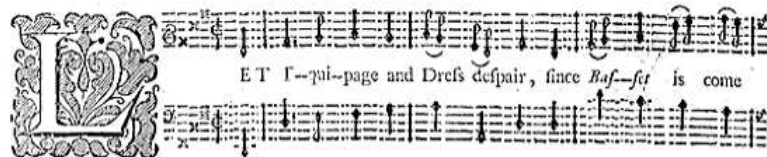
A. 2. 100.



II.
 Eccho confined to a Grove,
 Being unable to return,
 These fatal words, in hopeless Love,
 I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
 Birds in his Grief did bear a part,
 Whilst Sighs kept soft Time in his Heart;
 He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,
Philis is cruel, false, and fair.

III.
 Whilst in this Agony, he lay,
 A Tear did steal from either Eye,
 Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,
 A mourner waited but to dye.
 Whilst Death sat heavy on his Eyes,
 And he look'd like Love's sacrifice;
 He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,
Philis is cruel, false, and fair.

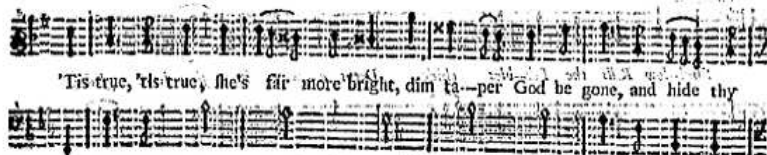
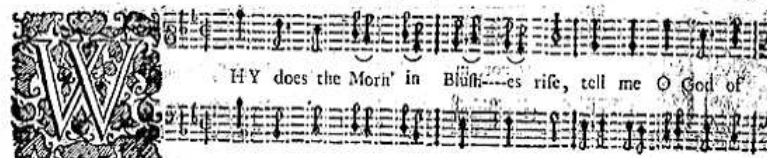
A SONG upon the Court-Game BASSET.



Dr. John Blow.

II.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
 Poor Love is bought and sold;
 And that which should be a free Trade,
 Is all engross'd by Gold:
 Ev'n Sence is brought into disgrace,
 Where Company is met;
 It silent stands, or leaves the place,
 While all the Talk's Basset.



II.

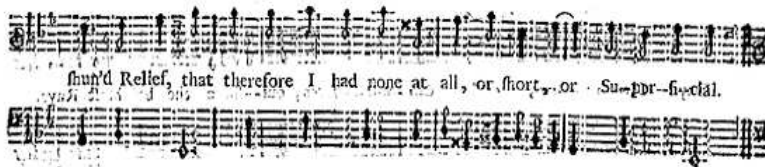
If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
 On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
 And wou'd the Gods with Fasts and Prayers,
 Celestial Crowns to gain;
 Yet after all, could you but love,
 No more would I pursue
 The endless search of Joys above,
 But find out Heav'n in you.



A. 2. voc. Cantata & Basses.

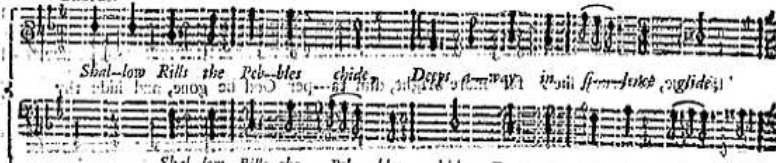


Hink not, my Soul's de-light and grief, because my Sorrows



shun'd Relief, that therefore I had none at all, or short, or Su-per-fi-cial.

Chorus.

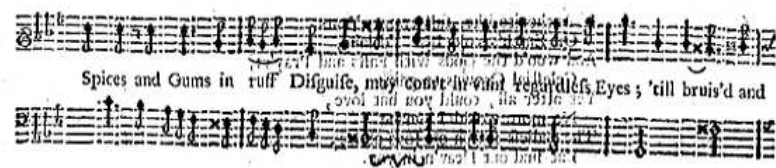


Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles chide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide.

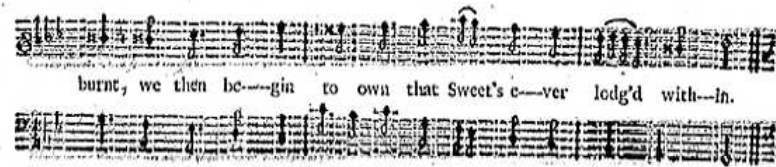


Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles chide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide.

glide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide.

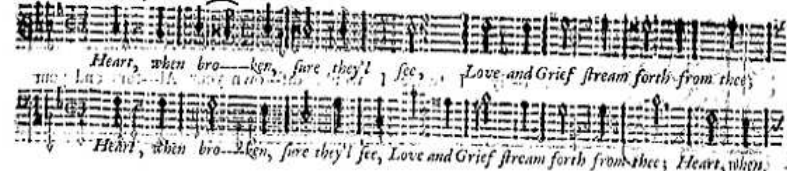


Spices and Gums in ruff Disguise, my con-ve-nient veils my Eyes; 'till bruise'd and



burnt, we then be-gin to own that Sweet's e-ver lodg'd with-In.

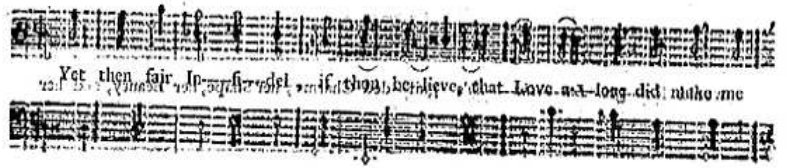
Chorus.



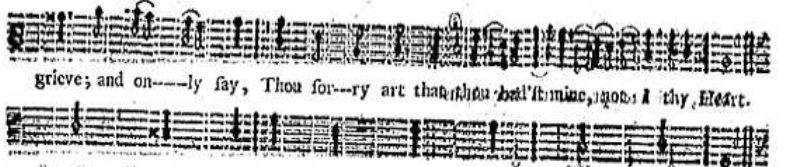
Heart, when bro-ken, sure they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee;



Heart, when bro-ken, sure they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee;

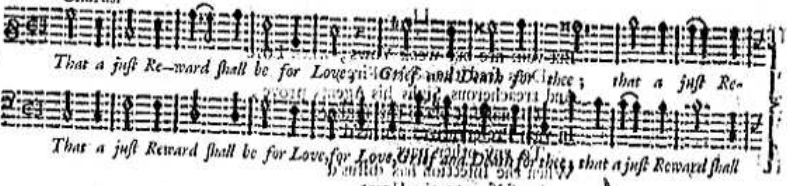


Yet then fair Je-sus, if thou be-lieve, that Love a-long did make me



grieve; and on-ly say, Thou sor-ry art that thou hast sin-ned, and thy Heart.

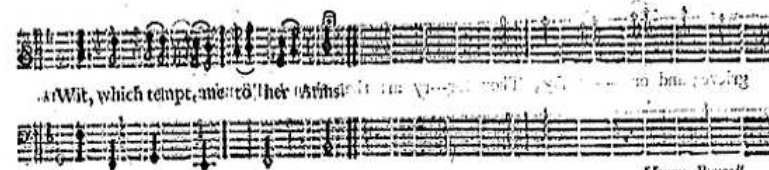
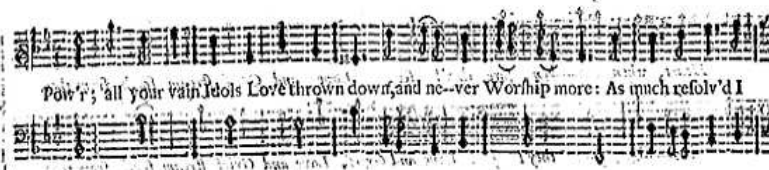
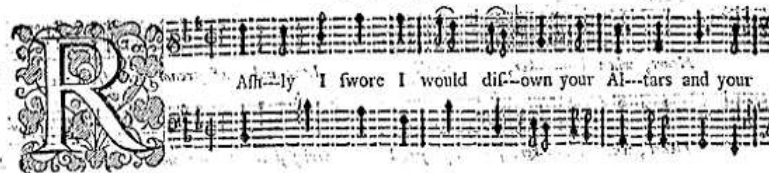
Chorus.



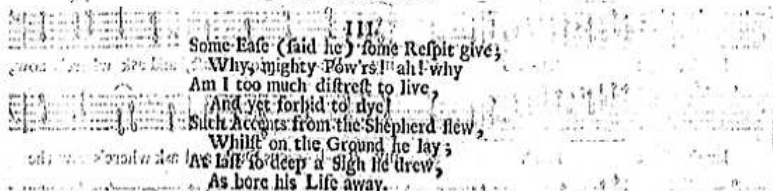
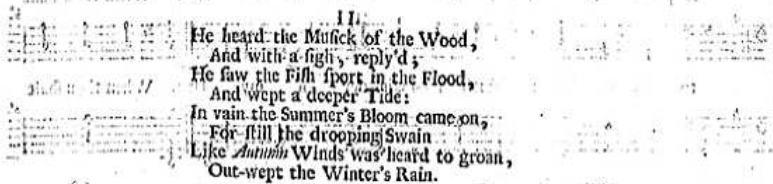
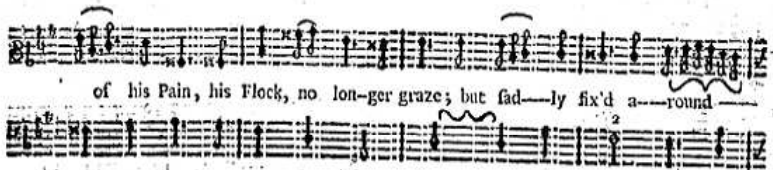
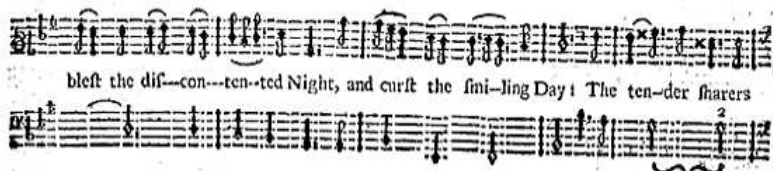
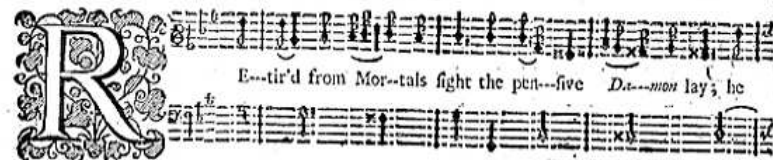
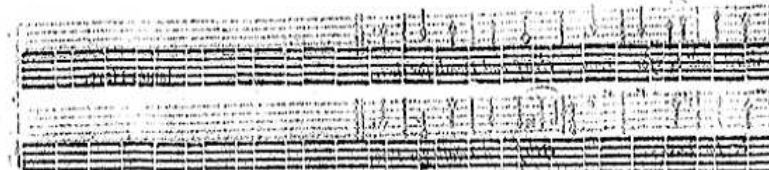
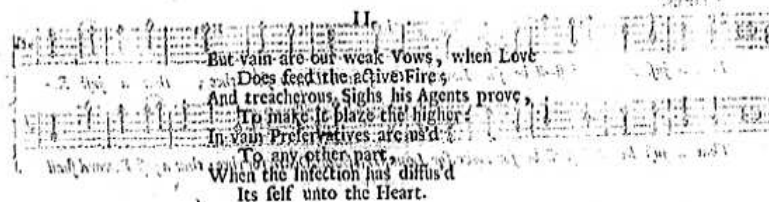
That a just Re-ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Re-



ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee;



Henry Purcell.



A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.

G O, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re--turn; go, per-jur'd Man, and if thou e're

G O perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re--turn; go, perjur'd

re--then, re--turn to see the small re--main--der of my Urn;

Man, and if thou e're re--turn, and if thou e're re--turn to

and if thou e're re--turn, re--turn, re--turn to

see the small remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re--turn, re--turn,

see, to see the small re--main--der of my Urn. When thou shalt

to see, to see the small re--main--der of my Urn. When thou shalt

laugh, shalt laugh

laugh, shalt laugh

laugh, shalt laugh

laugh, shalt laugh

where's now the co--lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And per-a

co--lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands, rise the Flours with the Virgins strew'd,

hands, and perhaps with rude hands rise the Flours with the Virgins strew'd. Know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up;

Pity, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up; know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up,

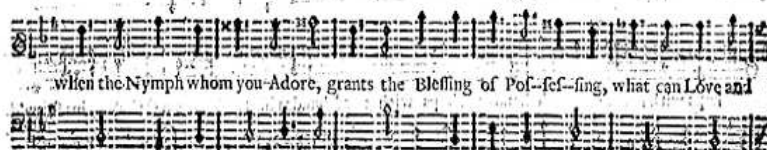
Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up; and strike thee Blind; that the

may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind. Dr. John Blome

Wind may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind; and may blow

A DIALOGUE betwixt a Shepherd and Shepherdes, sung in the Play of the Duke of Guise.

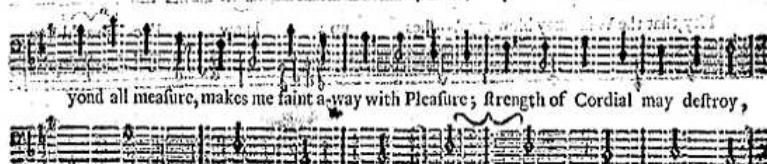
2d. Part. Cantus & Bassus.

E L L me *Thirſt*, tell your Anguiſh, why you Sigh, and why you Languish;

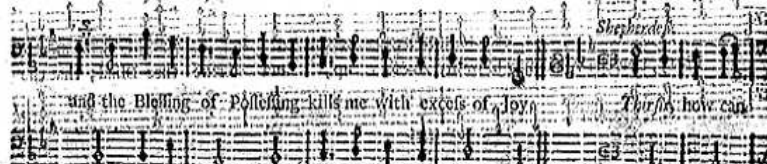
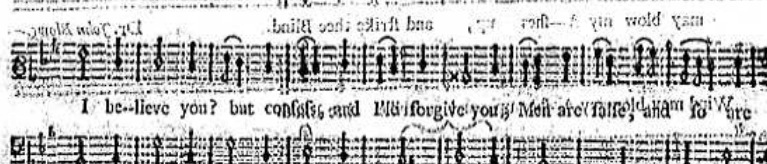
when the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing, what can Love and



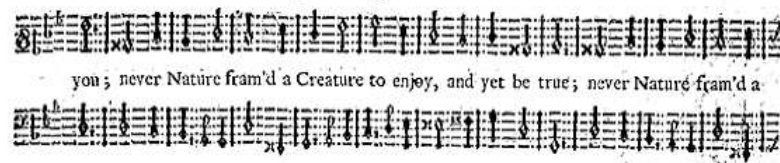
I do more? what can Love, what can Love, and I do more? Think it's Love be-



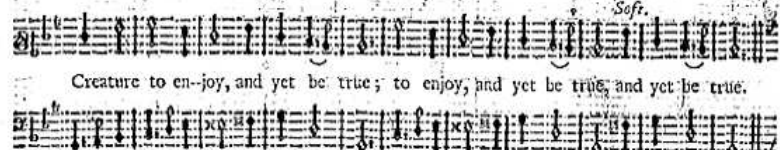
yond all meaſure, makes me faint a-way with Pleaſure; ſtrength of Cordial may deſtroy,

and the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing kills me with exceſs of Joy. *Thirſt*, how can

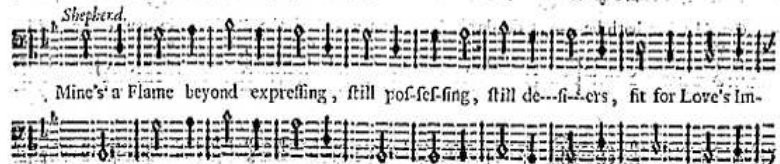
I be-lieve you? but conſiſt, and Miſt forgive you; Mea are falſe; I am ſo fore



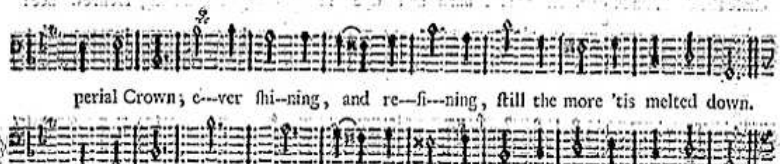
you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a



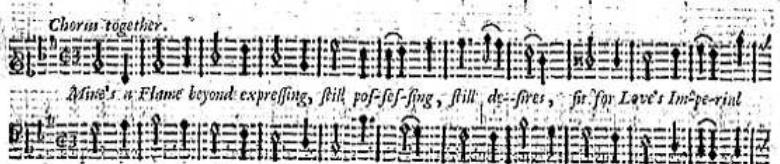
Creature to en-joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true, and yet be true.



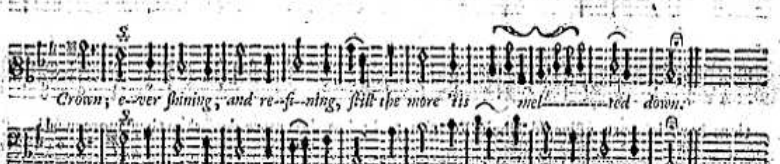
Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſſeſſing, ſtill de-ſires, fit for Love's Im-



perial Crown; e-ver ſhi-ning, and re-fi-ning, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.



Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſſeſſing, ſtill de-ſires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial

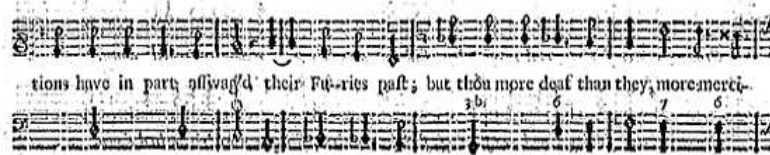
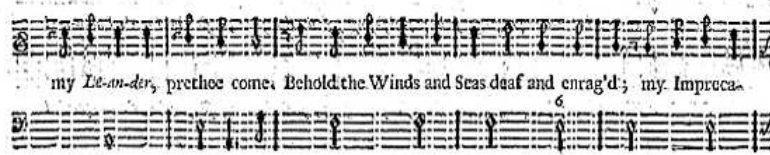
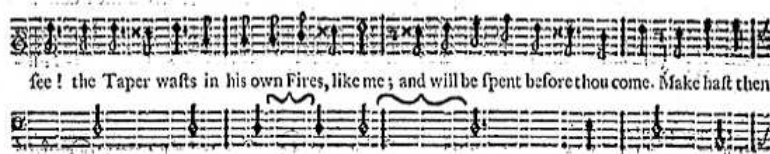
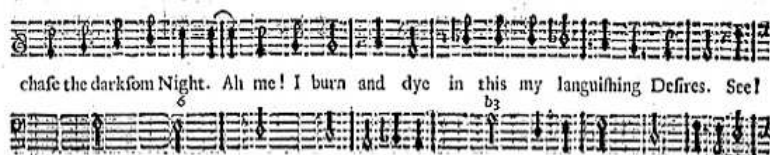
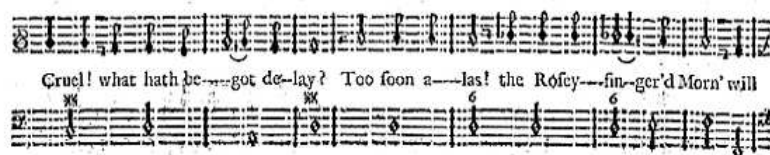
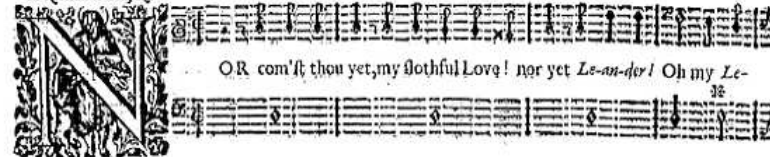


Crown; e-ver ſhining, and re-fi-ning, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

Crown; e-ver ſhining, and re-fi-ning, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

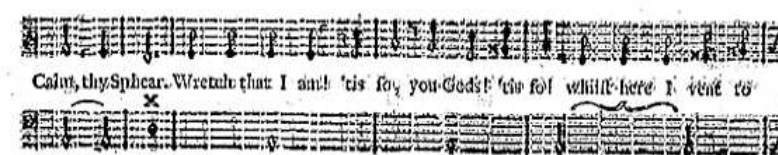
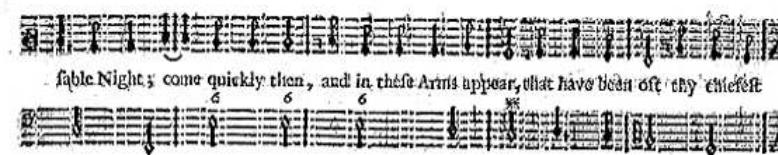
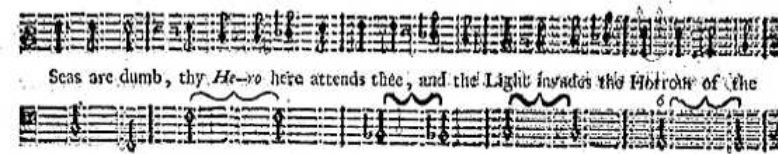
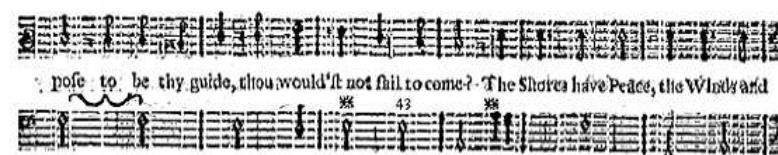
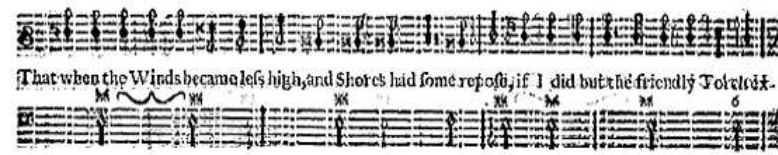
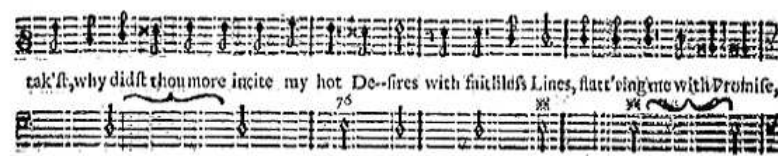
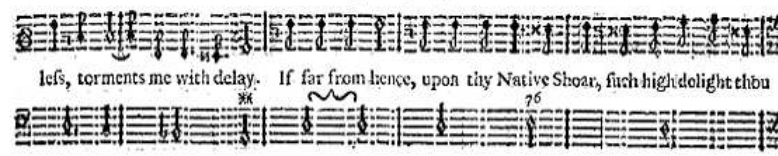
Hero's Complaint to Leander. [82]

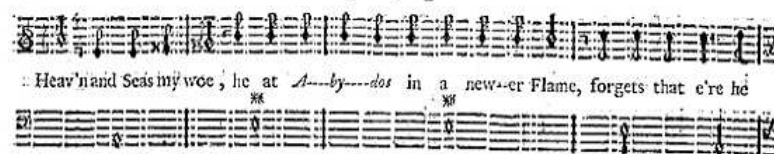
In Recitative Musick.



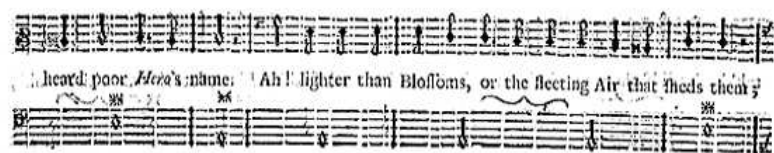
[83]

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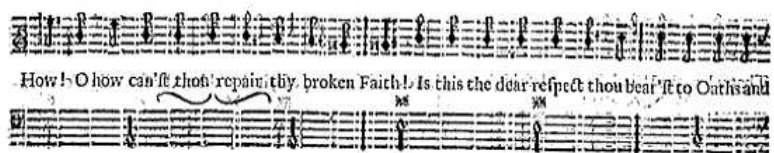




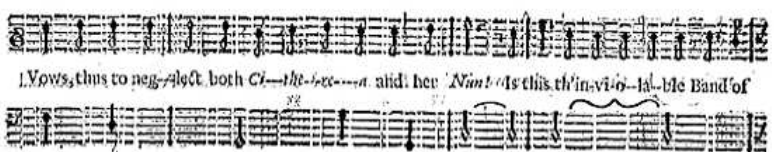
Heav'n and Seas in woe, he at *A-b-y-dos* in a new-er Flame, forgets that e're he



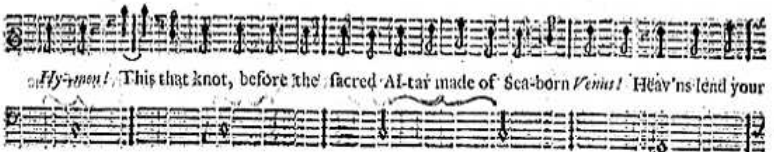
heard poor *Hero's* name: 'Ah! lighter than Blossoms, or the fleeting Air that thuds their;



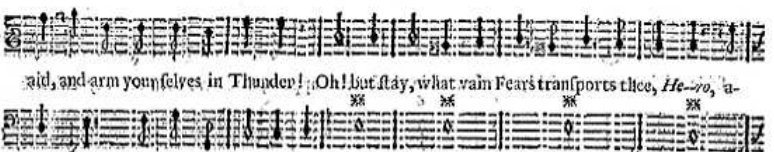
How! O how can'st thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear respect thou bear'st to Oaths and



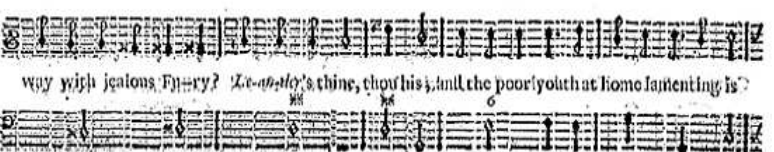
Vows, thus to neglect both *Chastity* and her *Nunt*: Is this th'invincible Band of



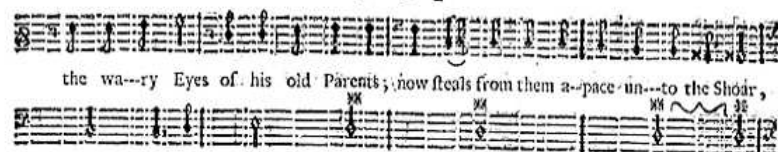
Hy-men! This that knot, before the sacred Altar made of Sea-born *Venus*! Heav'n's lend your



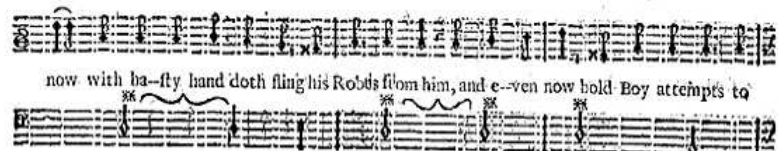
aid, and arm yourselves in Thunder! Oh! but stay, what vain Fears transports thee, *Hero*, a-



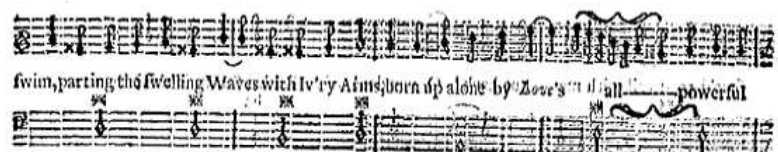
way with jealous Frenzy? *Zeus* thy chime, thou his, and the poor youth at home lamenting is?



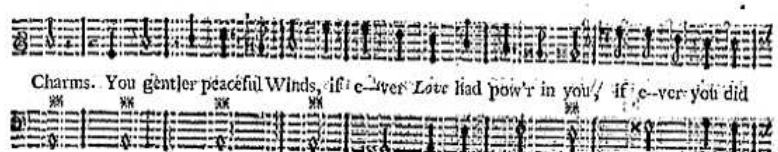
the wa-ry Eyes of his old Parents; now steals from them a pace un--to the Shoar,



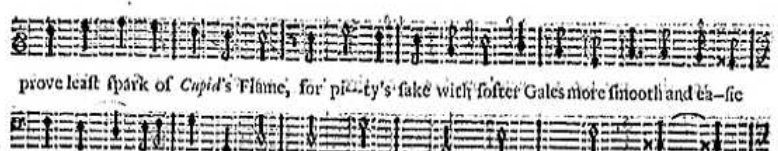
now with ba-ty hand doth fling his Robs from him, and e-ven now bold Boy attempts to



swim, parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms, born up aloft by *Zoe's* all-powerful



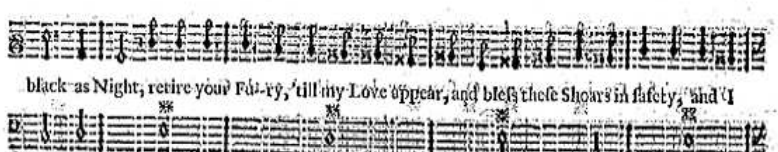
Charms. You gentler peaceful Winds, if e-*ver* Love had pow'r in you! if e-*ver* you did



prove least spark of *Cupid's* Flame, for pi-ty's sake with softer Gales more smooth and ea-sie



make the troubled Flood un--to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests



black as Night, retire you! Far-ry, till my Love appear, and bless these Shoars in safety, and I

here with-in these Arms en-fold my on-ly Treas-ure; then all in Rage and Horror
 send at plea-sure the fro-ty Bil-lows high as Heav'n, that he may herd be e-ver
 from dwell with me: But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this? Seas menace
 and the Winds do hiss in scorn of this my just Re-quest. Re-tire,
 oh re-tire, my too ven-erous Love, re-tire, tempt not the an-gry Seas, Ah me!
 Oh me! the Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O dead-ly Night! *Neptune, He-o-lis,*
 ye now fish Re-lics, spare, O spare my Jew-els! pi-ty the Griefs and Tears of wret-ched

He-ro! 'Tis Le-an-der trusts you with his Love and Life, fair Li-an-der, Beau-ty
 of these Shoars. See! see the bash-ful Morn, for sor-row of my sad Laments, hath
 torn through cloudy Night a passage to my Aid, and here beneath amidst the horrid
 Shade, by her faint Light, something methinks I see re-lem-bling my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!
 'tis he! drown'd by th'im-pe-tuous Flood. O dismal Hour! wilt be these Seas, these
 Shoars, this Light, this Tow'r! in spite of Waves, dear Love, is like I come; *Le-an-der's*
 No-son shall be *Hero's* Tomb. *Mr. Nic. Lambie*
 FINIS.